



Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2008 with funding from
Microsoft Corporation

THE MUSICIANS LIBRARY

EIGHTY VOLUMES ISSUED

SONG VOLUMES *

- JOHANNES BRAHMS : FORTY SONGS
Edited by James Honeker
- ROBERT FRANZ : FIFTY SONGS
Edited by William Foster Apthorp
- EDVARD GRIEG : FIFTY SONGS
Edited by Henry T. Finck
- GEORGE FRIDERIC HANDEL
VOL. I. SONGS AND AIRS FOR HIGH VOICE
VOL. II. SONGS AND AIRS FOR LOW VOICE
Edited by Ebenezer Prout
- ADOLF JENSEN : FORTY SONGS
Edited by William Foster Apthorp
- FRANZ LISZT : THIRTY SONGS
Edited by Carl Armbruster
- FRANZ SCHUBERT : FIFTY SONGS
Edited by Henry T. Finck
- ROBERT SCHUMANN : FIFTY SONGS
Edited by W. J. Henderson
- RICHARD STRAUSS : FORTY SONGS
Edited by James Honeker
- P. I. TCHAIKOVSKY : FORTY SONGS
Edited by James Honeker
- RICHARD WAGNER : LYRICS FOR SOPRANO
Edited by Carl Armbruster
- RICHARD WAGNER : LYRICS FOR TENOR
Edited by Carl Armbruster
- RICHARD WAGNER : LYRICS FOR BARITONE AND BASS
Edited by Carl Armbruster
- HUGO WOLF : FIFTY SONGS
Edited by Ernest Newman
- ..
- FIFTY MASTERSONGS
Edited by Henry T. Finck
- FIFTY SHAKSPERE SONGS
Edited by Charles Vincent
- MODERN FRENCH SONGS
VOL. I. BEMBERG TO FRANCK ; VOL. II. GEORGES TO WIDOR
Edited by Philip Hale
- ONE HUNDRED ENGLISH FOLKSONGS
Medium Voice
Edited by Cecil J. Sharp
- ONE HUNDRED FOLKSONGS OF ALL NATIONS
Medium Voice
Edited by Granville Bantock
- ONE HUNDRED SONGS BY TEN MASTERS
VOL. I. SCHUBERT, SCHUMANN, FRANZ, RUBINSTEIN & JENSEN
VOL. II. BRAHMS, TCHAIKOVSKY, GRIEG, WOLF, AND STRAUSS
Edited by Henry T. Finck
- ONE HUNDRED SONGS OF ENGLAND
Edited by Granville Bantock
- SEVENTY SCOTTISH SONGS
Edited, with accompaniments, by Helen Hopekirk
- SIXTY IRISH SONGS
Edited by William Arms Fisher
- SIXTY PATRIOTIC SONGS OF ALL NATIONS
Medium Voice
Edited by Granville Bantock
- SONGS BY THIRTY AMERICANS
Edited by Rupert Hughes

SIXTY FOLKSONGS OF FRANCE

Medium Voice

Edited by Julien Tiersot

- SONGS FROM THE OPERAS FOR SOPRANO
SONGS FROM THE OPERAS FOR MEZZO SOPRANO
SONGS FROM THE OPERAS FOR ALTO
SONGS FROM THE OPERAS FOR TENOR
SONGS FROM THE OPERAS FOR BARITONE AND BASS
Edited by H. E. Krehbiel

PIANO VOLUMES

- JOHANN SEBASTIAN BACH
VOL. I. SHORTER PIANO COMPOSITIONS
VOL. II. LARGER PIANO COMPOSITIONS
Edited by Ebenezer Prout
- LUDWIG VAN BEETHOVEN : VOLS. I & II. PIANO COMPOSITIONS
Edited by Eugen d'Albert
- JOHANNES BRAHMS : SELECTED PIANO COMPOSITIONS
Edited by Rafael Joseffy
- FRÉDÉRIC CHOPIN : FORTY PIANO COMPOSITIONS
Edited by James Honeker
- FRÉDÉRIC CHOPIN : THE GREATER CHOPIN
Edited by James Honeker
- S. COLERIDGE-TAYLOR : TWENTY-FOUR NEGRO MELODIES
Transcribed for the piano
- EDVARD GRIEG : LARGER PIANO COMPOSITIONS
Edited by Bertha Feiring Tapper
- EDVARD GRIEG : PIANO LYRICS AND SHORTER COMPOSITIONS
Edited by Bertha Feiring Tapper
- FRANZ JOSEPH HAYDN : TWENTY PIANO COMPOSITIONS
Edited by Xaver Scharwenka
- FRANZ LISZT : TWENTY ORIGINAL PIANO COMPOSITIONS
Edited by August Spanuth
- FRANZ LISZT : TWENTY PIANO TRANSCRIPTIONS
Edited by August Spanuth
- FRANZ LISZT : TEN HUNGARIAN RHAPSODIES
Edited by August Spanuth and John Orth
- FELIX MENDELSSOHN : THIRTY PIANO COMPOSITIONS
Edited by Percy Goetschius
- WOLFGANG AMADEUS MOZART : TWENTY PIANO COMPOSITIONS
Edited by Carl Reinecke
- FRANZ SCHUBERT : SELECTED PIANO COMPOSITIONS
Edited by August Spanuth
- ROBERT SCHUMANN : FIFTY PIANO COMPOSITIONS
Edited by Xaver Scharwenka
- RICHARD WAGNER : SELECTIONS FROM THE MUSIC DRAMAS
Arranged for the piano by Otto Singer
- ..
- ANTHOLOGY OF FRENCH PIANO MUSIC
VOL. I. EARLY COMPOSERS ; VOL. II. MODERN COMPOSERS
Edited by Isidor Philipp
- ANTHOLOGY OF GERMAN PIANO MUSIC
VOL. I. EARLY COMPOSERS ; VOL. II. MODERN COMPOSERS
Edited by Moritz Moszkowski
- EARLY ITALIAN PIANO MUSIC
Edited by M. Esposito
- MODERN RUSSIAN PIANO MUSIC
VOL. I. AKIMENKO TO KORESTCHENKO
VOL. II. LIADOFF TO WRANGELL
Edited by Constantin von Sternberg

* All song volumes are issued for both High and Low Voice, except where otherwise stated.

Price of each volume, paper, cloth back, \$1.50; full cloth, gilt, \$2.50. Prices include postage.

FIFTY MASTERSONGS

FIFTY
MASTERSONGS
BY TWENTY COMPOSERS
EDITED BY
HENRY T. FINCK
(AUTHOR OF "SONGS AND SONG WRITERS," "WAGNER AND HIS WORKS," ETC.)
FOR HIGH VOICE



BOSTON : OLIVER DITSON COMPANY
NEW YORK: CHAS. H. DITSON & CO.
CHICAGO: LYON & HEALY

COPYRIGHT, 1903, BY OLIVER DITSON COMPANY

D. B. UPDIKE, THE MERRYMOUNT PRESS, BOSTON

CONTENTS

27207493

my

MOZART, WOLFGANG AMADEUS (1756-1791)	Golden at my Feet (<i>Gelb rollt mir zu Füßen</i>). Op. 34, No. 9	109
— The Violet (<i>Das Veilchen</i>)	1	
BEETHOVEN, LUDWIG VAN (1770-1827)	BRAHMS, JOHANNES (1833-1897)	
Adelaide. Op. 46	My Queen (<i>Wie bist du meine Königin</i>). Op. 32, No. 9	112
SCHUBERT, FRANZ (1797-1828)	Love Song (<i>Minnelied</i>). Op. 71, No. 5	116
The Erlking (<i>Der Erlkönig</i>). Op. 1	15 ✓ A Thought like Music (<i>Wie Melodien zieht es mir</i>). Op. 105, No. 1	119
The Wanderer (<i>Der Wanderer</i>). Op. 4, No. 1	24	
— Death and the Maiden (<i>Der Tod und das Mädchen</i>). Op. 7, No. 3	28 JENSEN, ADOLF (1837-1879)	
— My Peace thou art (<i>Du bist die Ruh</i>). Op. 59, No. 3	Press thy cheek against mine own (<i>Lehn' deine Wang' an meine Wang'</i>). Op. 1, No. 1	123
— Hark, hark, the Lark (<i>Horch, horch, die Lerch</i>). Posthumous	30 When through the Piazzetta (<i>Wenn durch die Piazzetta</i>). Op. 50, No. 3	126
The Inn (<i>Das Wirthshaus</i>). Op. 89, No. 21	34 Row gently here, my Gondolier! (<i>Leis' rudern hier, mein Gondolier!</i>) Op. 50, No. 4	131
✓ My Abode (<i>Aufenthalt</i>). "Schwanengesang," No. 5	39	
My Phantom Double (<i>Der Doppelgänger</i>). "Schwanengesang," No. 13	42	
CHOPIN, FRÉDÉRIC (1809-1849)	47 TCHAIKOVSKY, PIOTR ILYITCH (1840-1893)	
My Delight (<i>Meine Freuden</i>)	— Why? (<i>Warum?</i>). Op. 6, No. 5	135
The Parted Lovers (<i>Zwei Leichen</i>)	50 — None but the lonely Heart (<i>Nur wer die Sehnsucht kennt</i>). Op. 6, No. 6	139
SCHUMANN, ROBERT (1810-1856)	54 Disappointment (<i>Déception</i>). Op. 65, No. 2	143
— Dedication (<i>Widmung</i>). Op. 25, No. 1	56	
The Lotus Flower (<i>Die Lotosblume</i>). Op. 25, No. 7	60 DVOŘÁK, ANTONÍN (1841-1904)	
In the Forest (<i>Waldesgespräch</i>). Op. 39, No. 3	62 As my dear old Mother (<i>Als die alte Mutter</i>). Op. 55, No. 4	146
I'll not complain (<i>Ich grolle nicht</i>). Op. 48, No. 7	66	
LISZT, FRANZ (1811-1886)	MASSENET, JULES (1842-)	
The Loreley (<i>Die Lorelei</i>)	69 Elegy (<i>Élégie</i>)	148
The King of Thule (<i>Der König von Thule</i>)	77 GRIEG, EDVARD (1843-1907)	
Wanderer's Night Song (<i>Wanderers Nachtlied</i>)	83 From Monte Pincio (<i>From Monte Pincio</i>)	150
WAGNER, RICHARD (1813-1883)	The First Primrose (<i>Mit einer Primula veris</i>)	158
Dreams (<i>Träume</i>)	85 — A Swan (<i>Ein Schwan</i>)	160
FRANZ, ROBERT (1815-1892)	At the Brookside (<i>An einem Bache</i>)	162
Request (<i>Bitte</i>). Op. 9, No. 3	The Old Mother (<i>Die alte Mutter</i>)	165
For Music (<i>Für Musik</i>). Op. 10, No. 1	89 The Mountain Maid (<i>Das Kind der Berge</i>). Op. 67, No. 2	168
Dedication (<i>Widmung</i>). Op. 14, No. 1	91	
Now welcome, my Wood! (<i>Willkommen, mein Wald!</i>) Op. 21, No. 1	93	
Delight of Melancholy (<i>Vonne der Wehmuth</i>). Op. 33, No. 1	GODARD, BENJAMIN (1849-1895)	
The Rose complained (<i>Es hat die Rose sich beklagt</i>). Op. 42, No. 5	95 Florian's Song (<i>Chanson de Florian</i>)	171
CORNELIUS, PETER (1824-1874)	PADEREWSKI, IGNACE JAN (1860-)	
The Monotone (<i>Ein Ton</i>). Op. 3, No. 3	99 Ah! the Torment! (<i>Ach! die Qualen</i>). Op. 18, No. 5	174
RUBINSTEIN, ANTON (1829-1894)	101	
The Asra (<i>Der Asra</i>). Op. 32, No. 6	106 — MACDOWELL, EDWARD A. (1861-1908)	
	The Sea. Op. 47, No. 7	178
	STRAUSS, RICHARD (1864-)	
	Serenade (<i>Ständchen</i>). Op. 17, No. 2	180

INDEX OF AUTHORS

BJÖRNSON, BJÖRNSTJERNE (1832-)		HEINE, HEINRICH (1799-1856)	
Vom Monte Pincio (<i>From Monte Pincio</i>). GRIEG	150	Der Asra (<i>The Asra</i>). RUBINSTEIN	106
BODENSTEDT, FRIEDRICH VON (1819-1892)		Der Doppelgänger (<i>My Phantom Double</i>). SCHUBERT	47
Es hat die Rose sich beklagt (<i>The Rose complained</i>). FRANZ	101	Ich grolle nicht (<i>I'll not complain</i>). SCHUMANN	66
Gelb rollt mir zu Füßen (<i>Golden at my Feet</i>). RUBINSTEIN	109	Lehn' deine Wang' an meine Wang' (<i>Press thy cheek against mine own</i>). JENSEN	123
CLAUDIUS, MATTHIAS (1743-1815)		Die Lorelei (<i>The Loreley</i>). LISZT	69
Der Tod und das Mädchen (<i>Death and the Maiden</i>). SCHUBERT	28	Die Lotosblume (<i>The Lotus Flower</i>). SCHUMANN	60
COLLIN, PAUL		Warum? (<i>Why?</i>) TCHAIKOVSKY	135
Déception (<i>Disappointment</i>). TCHAIKOVSKY	143	HEYDUK, ADOLF (1835-)	
CORNELIUS, PETER (1824-1874)		Als die alte Mutter (<i>As my dear old Mother</i>). DVOŘÁK	146
Ein Ton (<i>The Monotone</i>). CORNELIUS	103	HÖLTY, H. (1828-1887)	
DAUMER, G. F. (1800-1875)		Minnelied (<i>Love Song</i>). BRAHMS	116
Wie bist du meine Königin (<i>My Queen</i>). BRAHMS	112	HOWELLS, WILLIAM DEAN (1837-)	
EICHENDORFF, JOSEPH VON (1788-1857)		The Sea. MACDOWELL	178
Waldesgespräch (<i>In the Forest</i>). SCHUMANN	62	IBSEN, HENRIK (1828-1906)	
FLORIAN, J. P. CLARIS DE (1755-1794)		Ein Schwan (<i>A Swan</i>). GRIEG	160
Chanson de Florian (<i>Florian's Song</i>). GODARD	171	LENAU, NIKOLAUS (1802-1850)	
GALLET, LOUIS (1835-)		Bitte (<i>Request</i>). FRANZ	89
Elégie (<i>Elegy</i>). MASSENET	148	MATTHISSON, FRIEDRICH VON (1761-1831)	
GARBORG, ARNE (1851-)		Adelaide. BEETHOVEN	5
Das Kind der Berge (<i>The Mountain Maid</i>). GRIEG	168	MICKIEWICZ, ADAM (1798-1855)	
GEIBEL, EMANUEL VON (1815-1884)		Ach! die Qualen. (<i>Ah! the Torment!</i>) PADEREWSKI	174
Für Musik (<i>For Music</i>). FRANZ	91	Meine Freuden (<i>My Delight</i>). CHOPIN	50
GOETHE, JOHANN WOLFGANG VON (1749-1832)		MOORE, THOMAS (1779-1852)	
Der Erlkönig (<i>The Erlking</i>). SCHUBERT	15	Row gently here, my Gondolier! (<i>Leis' rudern hier, mein Gondolier!</i>) JENSEN	131
Der König von Thule (<i>The King of Thule</i>). LISZT	77	When through the Piazzetta (<i>Wenn durch die Piazzetta</i>). JENSEN	126
Nur wer die Sehnsucht kennt (<i>None but the lonely Heart</i>). TCHAIKOVSKY	139	MÜLLER, WILHELM (1794-1827)	
Das Veilchen (<i>The Violet</i>). MOZART	1	Das Wirthshaus (<i>The Inn</i>). SCHUBERT	39
Wanderers Nachtlied (<i>Wanderer's Night Song</i>). LISZT	83	MÜLLER, WOLFGANG (1816-1873)	
Wonne der Wehmuth (<i>Delight of Melancholy</i>). FRANZ	99	Widmung (<i>Dedication</i>). FRANZ	93
GROTH, KLAUS (1819-)		PAULSEN, J. (1851-)	
Wie Melodien zieht es mir (<i>A Thought like Music</i>). BRAHMS	119	Miteiner Primula veris (<i>The First Primrose</i>). GRIEG	158
		RELLSTAB, LUDWIG (1799-1860)	
		Aufenthalt (<i>My Absence</i>). SCHUBERT	42

INDEX OF AUTHORS

ROQUETTE, OTTO (1824-)		SHAKESPEARE, WILLIAM (1564-1616)	
Willkommen, mein Wald! (<i>Now welcome, my</i>		Hark, hark, the Lark (<i>Horch, horch, die Lerch</i>).	
Wood!) FRANZ	95	SCHUBERT	34
RÜCKERT, FRIEDRICH (1788-1866)		VINJE, A. O. (1818-1870)	
Du bist die Ruh (<i>My Peace thou art</i>). SCHUBERT	30	Die alte Mutter (<i>The Old Mother</i>). GRIEG	165
Widmung (<i>Dedication</i>). SCHUMANN	56	An einem Bache (<i>At the Brookside</i>). GRIEG	162
SCHACK, ADOLF FRIEDRICH VON		WESENDONCK, MATHILDE	
(1815-)		Träume (<i>Dreams</i>). WAGNER	85
Ständchen (<i>Serenade</i>). STRAUSS	180	ZALESKI, BOGDAN (1802-1886)	
SCHMIDT, GEORG FILIPP (1766-1849)		Zwei Leichen (<i>The Parted Lovers</i>). CHOPIN	54
Der Wanderer (<i>The Wanderer</i>). SCHUBERT	24		



LISZT



TCHAIKOVSKY



RUBINSTEIN



SCHUMANN



SCHUBERT



FRANZ



GRIEG



BRAHMS



JENSEN

FIFTY MASTERSONGS



A FEW years ago it was the fashion to print lists of the best hundred books. Naturally, no two of these lists were alike, for men differ widely in taste and judgment. The same result would follow if a number of experts and amateurs were asked to make a list of the best hundred songs—or let us say fifty—which is as many as can be conveniently printed in one volume.

The editor of the present collection of Fifty Mastersongs has made a special study of this branch of music for more than a quarter of a century; and while writing his recent volume, *Songs and Song Writers*, he had to go over the whole ground once more carefully. He therefore realizes vividly the difficulty of making the wisest possible choice. The chief perplexity arises from the superabundance of good things. Among Schubert's songs alone, for instance, there are more than fifty which clamor for admission; but only a few can be inserted, because room must be left for other masters.

The aim has been to secure as much variety as possible without falling below a certain standard. For this reason Mozart, Beethoven, and a few other composers are represented, even though none of their songs quite equal the best by Schubert, Schumann, Franz, or Grieg.

While, for the reasons given, it cannot be claimed that the songs in this volume are absolutely the best fifty ever written, it may be confidently asserted that they are fifty of the best. They are all mastersongs, bearing the hall-mark of genius and originality, and each one is characteristic of its composer. Familiarity with them will breed more and more admiration; and if you come across one that you do not like at first, you may be sure that the fault is yours: either you do not interpret it correctly, or your pianist is a bungler, or you need to hear it half a dozen

times before you can fathom its charms; for the beauty of these songs is more than skin-deep.

Fashionable songs please only for a few weeks, while mastersongs are among the things of beauty which are a joy forever. It is sad to think how much time and money are wasted on trashy music. Singers go into music-stores and buy pebbles and glass beads when for the same money, or even less, they might get genuine diamonds and pearls. One of the objects in issuing this collection is to so train the taste of amateurs that they will be able henceforth to tell real diamonds and pearls from their worthless imitations.

Some surprise may be caused by the fact that there are no Italian and only two French songs in this collection. The editor has searched far and wide for an Italian song worthy of being included, but without success, for reasons which cannot be given here, but which may be found in *Songs and Song Writers*, pp. 218-227. Liszt has remarked justly that the lyric art-song, or *Lied*, is "poetically and musically a product peculiar to the Germanic muse." Nevertheless, of our fifty mastersongs only twenty-nine are by German composers—Mozart, Beethoven, Schubert, Schumann, Wagner, Franz, Cornelius, Brahms, Jensen, Strauss. The Norwegian Grieg contributes six; the Russian Rubinstein and Tchaïkovsky five; the Hungarian Liszt three; the Polish Chopin and Paderewski three; the French Massenet and Godard two; the Bohemian Dvořák and the American MacDowell one each. So that from the national point of view, too, we have considerable variety. America, it may be added, would have been represented more liberally had it not been for copyright difficulties.

Special attention has been given in this volume to the translations. Most translators sacrifice sense, accent, and everything else to the foolish effort at securing rhymes. Wherever this had

been done in the case of songs here used, new versions have been specially made for this collection, in pursuance of the publisher's deter-

mination to make this volume first-class in every detail.

HINTS TO SINGERS

REMEMBER that the public likes good music as well as good singing, and that those vocalists are most likely to succeed in the long run who combine the two. What is wanted to-day is not simply songs but mastersongs.

A singer may have ever so beautiful a voice, and phrase with ever so much taste; if he does not enunciate the words distinctly, he is no better than a flute-player or a violinist. Most singers produce nothing but what has been aptly called "inarticulate smudges of sound," comparable to the illegible figures on a worn coin.

Technique is important, but expression is even more so. The one thing which to-day has artistic and financial value in the musical world is temperament—the power to stir an audience with emotion. To do so, the singer must enter into the spirit of the poem, just as if he were going to speak it on the stage without music.

The pianist should neither drown the voice

nor act as if he were a mere accompanist; for his part is usually quite as important as the singer's. He should study the text as carefully as the vocalist does; because in the songs the piano part is often descriptive and highly emotional, and the player is at sea unless he knows what the poem is about.

Careful attention to the poetic text also makes it easier to get the right tempo—a matter of vital importance, as a trifle too fast or too slow may utterly mar a song. Nor is it enough to have the general pace right. There are constant modifications of tempo, and of loudness, and special accents, which are the very life of the music. Take, for instance, that superbly emotional song, Grieg's *The Swan*. Unless both singer and player heed the expression marks—*andante ben tenuto*, *poco animato*, *crescendo*, *agitato*, *ritenuto*, *tranquillo*, *lento*—the song becomes like a rose without perfume, like a bird of paradise without feathers.

WOLFGANG AMADEUS MOZART (1756–1791)

AND

LUDWIG VAN BEETHOVEN (1770–1827)

WHILE simple folk-songs have always existed, the lyric art-song, in which the pianoforte part is as important as the vocal melody, is practically a product of the nineteenth century. Bach and Handel wrote no such songs but devoted themselves, after the fashion of their time, to bigger things—cantatas, operas, oratorios, and passions. Their successors, Gluck, Haydn, Mozart, and Beethoven, did write a considerable number of *Lieder*; but unfortunately they, too, reserved their best melodies for their larger works. Hence it is no injustice to this period to admit only two of its songs to our limited collection.

Das Veilchen—*The Violet*. This is by far the

best of the three dozen or more songs written by Mozart. Goethe's plaintive and dainty poem evidently interested him, and he took pains (as he did in the best pages of his operas) to adapt his music lovingly to the changing moods of the text—the story of the loving violet crushed by the foot of the beloved.

Adelaide. Beethoven was twenty-five years old when he composed this song. It became popular at once—so popular, indeed, that he was annoyed and sometimes wished he had never written it; just as Wagner used to be angered when he had to listen, for the thousandth time, to his *Lohengrin* or *Tannhäuser* march. *Adelaide*, never-

theless, remains by far the best of Beethoven's songs. From a strictly formal point of view it is a solo cantata in the old Italian sense of the word rather than a *Lied*; but that need not trouble anybody. The music always reflects the spirit of

the poem, which Beethoven considered "heavenly"; the melody is charming, and no song written up to that time had had such an interesting and varied pianoforte part.

FRANZ SCHUBERT (1797-1828)

SCHUBERT was the first of the great masters who gave his very best in his *Lieder*, and for this reason he is justly regarded as the father of the art-song. He was the most spontaneous and inexhaustible melodist of all times and countries; and whereas the operatic arias of Rossini, Donizetti, and Bellini are now for the most part faded, because they were written to gratify a transient fashionable taste, Schubert's melodies, written simply for his own satisfaction, are as fresh and fragrant as on the day when they burst into bloom. The best of his songs have never been equalled, not only in melody, but in harmonic modulation, dramatic realism, and power to stir the emotions. Liszt confessed that they often moved him to tears; and many others are affected by them in the same way.

Der Erlkönig—*The Erlking*. Schubert was only seventeen when he wrote that beautiful song, *Margaret at the Spinning Wheel*. In the following year he composed what many judges consider the greatest of all songs, *The Erlking*, the 178th of his *Lieder*. Spaun relates that one afternoon he went with a friend to call on Schubert. They found him all aglow reading Goethe's ballad, *The Erlking*, aloud. He walked up and down the room several times, book in hand, then suddenly sat down and, as fast as his pen could travel, put the superb ballad on paper, nearly in its present form, though he subsequently made some changes. This ballad by the boy Schubert is as splendidly and realistically dramatic as anything Wagner wrote in his most mature years. The incessant galloping triplets in the piano part not only impersonate the horse but conjure up the storm. The coaxing Erlking, the terrified child, the soothing father, have all a language of their own, different from the nar-

rative, and the singer must modify his tone and style accordingly. The dissonance of the child's shriek was something new, thrilling, terrible, epoch-making in music.

Der Wanderer—*The Wanderer*. This is another one of the early songs that reveal Schubert's genius full-fledged. Think of such a song being written in a paroxysm of inspiration in one evening, by a youth of nineteen! In popularity and merit *The Wanderer* is almost on a level with *The Erlking*.

Der Tod und das Mädchen—*Death and the Maiden*. No song ever written has so much genius and emotion condensed into such a few bars as this. Certainly there is none that conjures up a sombre mood with such simple means. "After the poor girl has begged the 'skeleton man' to pass her by because she is so young, how full of gloomy foreboding are the two bars leading over to the second speaker—Death! And while he asks her in soothing words not to dread him, since he has come not to punish but to let her sleep gently in his arms, his monotonous, cavernous tones and the strange modulations tell us his real intentions." Note the simple but wonderful modulations from the words "bin nicht wild" to "schlafen."

Du bist die Ruh—*My Peace thou art*. This song belongs to the same year (1823) as the famous cycle of the *Müller-Lieder*. It is simple and melodious—"one of the most spiritual flights in all song literature," as William Arms Fisher has aptly characterized it.

Horch, horch, die Lerch—*Hark, hark, the Lark*. Schubert set to music verses by eighty-five different poets. Of his three Shaksperian songs the serenade, *Hark, hark, the Lark*, is the

most famous, although *Who is Sylvia?* is also deservedly popular. The circumstances under which the serenade was written admirably illustrate the spontaneity of Schubert's genius. One afternoon, as he was sitting with some friends in the garden of a tavern near Vienna, he saw a volume of Shakspeare on the table. He took it up and turned over the leaves till he came to *Hark, hark, the Lark* (in *Cymbeline*). After looking at it a few moments he exclaimed: "A lovely melody has come into my head; if I only had some music paper!" One of his friends drew a few staves on the back of a bill of fare, and Schubert, undisturbed by the tavern noises, jotted down his delightful song.

Das Wirthshaus—The Inn (Cemetery). Schubert once wrote in his diary that those of his songs which were born of sorrow alone, appeared to give the world the most satisfaction. In the autumn of 1827, a year before his death, he was for a time unusually depressed and melancholy. One day he said to his friend Spaun: "Come to Schober's to-day. I'll sing you a cycle of weird songs. They have affected me more deeply than any others I have written." When the time came, he sang his new cycle, *The Winter Journey*. His friends were dumfounded by the gloomy mood of these songs, and at first did not quite appreciate them. But Schubert said: "I like these songs better than any of the others I have written, and you will come to like them too." He was right, for they all soon became enthusiastic over these melancholy songs, which prove once more that the best in art is usually the ineffably sad. Ineffably sad is *Das Wirthshaus*, the twenty-first of this cycle of twenty-four songs; and what makes this the more remarkable is that it is written in a major key. It must be played with deep expression, and poignant but not exaggerated accents.

Aufenthalt—My Abode. The last fourteen songs composed by Schubert were issued in a collection to which the publisher gave the appropriate title of "Swansong." It includes seven of his very best *Lieder*, beside the most popular of them all, the *Serenade*, "*Leise flehen meine Lieder*," which is not so poor as its excessive popularity might lead one to suppose. But the one following it—*Aufenthalt*—is much better. It is one of those songs which made Rubinstein exclaim rapturously: "Once more and a thousand times more, Bach, Beethoven, and Schubert are the three highest pinnacles of music." Vocalists who know how to build up a climax will delight in the high G near the close; and the pianist has a part as superbly energetic as in *The Erlking*. The bass is delightfully melodious, in an imitative way, and the interludes are of incomparable beauty and eloquence.

Der Doppelgänger—My Phantom Double. This, the last but one of Schubert's songs, makes his death at the early age of thirty-one seem the greatest calamity that ever occurred in the realm of music. It is not only one of the most wonderful songs ever written, but it opens up a new epoch in the history of the *Lied*. In its vocal recitative, its weird, expressive harmonies, the close correspondence of the music with the text, word by word, it anticipates nearly everything that Schumann, Liszt, Grieg, and the other great songwriters did after him. "The singer's task here is, first of all, to represent and interpret the poet, while to the pianist are intrusted chords as weird, as thrilling, as modern, as those which accompany the music of Erda and Klingsor in Wagner's *Siegfried* and *Parsifal*. . . . It is the most thrilling, the most dramatic of all lyrics, and in penning it Schubert helped to originate the music of the future." When it was written Wagner was a boy of fifteen.

FRÉDÉRIC CHOPIN (1809–1849)

THE people of Poland sing many songs which they attribute to Chopin. The only ones, however, which are certainly known to be his are con-

tained in the collection of seventeen published after his death as Opus 74. Rubinstein called Chopin "the soul of the pianoforte," and it is true

that he devoted himself to that instrument almost exclusively. These songs are, however, a notable exception. Amateurs will find most of them full of charm. They were written in the years 1824 to 1844, and they are for the most part as quaintly exotic and orchidean as his mazurkas.

Meine Freuden—My Delight. This is one of the six Chopin songs of which Liszt made such free and poetic transcriptions for the pianoforte alone. It is even more charming in its simpler, yet equally impassioned, original form. The rapture of a kiss has never been more ecstatically portrayed

than in this song about the lips and their uses.

Zwei Leichen—The Parted Lovers. A more dismal text has perhaps never been set to music than this poem about two corpses—one that of a soldier, dying in the forest amid the croaking of crows and the howling of wolves; the other that of his sweetheart, dying at the same time in the town to the booming sound of the church bell. It is no disparagement to the music in this case to say that it does not quite equal the poem in grewsomeness. It is simply melancholy and melodious.

ROBERT SCHUMANN (1810–1856)

LOVE was the chief inspiration of Schumann's songs, as it has been of so many other works of art. In the year of his marriage (1840) he wrote more than a hundred *Lieder*, whereas before that he had devoted himself to the pianoforte alone. He wrote to his fiancée Clara Wieck that he "laughed and wept for joy" in composing these songs; and in other letters: "Without such a bride no one could write such music." "I could sing myself to death, like a nightingale." It is under such conditions that immortal songs are created. Unfortunately, Schumann did not, after 1840, write any more songs till nine years later, when the brain disease to which he succumbed in 1856 had already begun to reduce his genius to mere talent and routine. This explains why his later songs are not equal to the earlier ones. The four here presented rank with the best ever written.

Widmung—Dedication. This is one of the most popular of the Schumann songs. Through an accidental oversight it was omitted from the list of "starred" songs in *Songs and Song Writers*; but it is one of the best of all—full of that buoyant rhythmic swing and animation so characteristic of Schumann.

Die Lotosblume—The Lotus Flower. This, like *Widmung*, belongs to the group of twenty-six songs called "Myrtle Wreath" and dedicated by the composer to "his beloved bride." Heine's poem about the lotus flower which dreads the

scorching sun and loves the pale moon is so exquisitely perfect that to add music to it seems like painting the lily. But when you hear Schumann's music, you realize that Wagner was right in maintaining that poetry and music are more potent in combination than singly.

Waldesgespräch—In the Forest. The legend of the beautiful sorceress Loreley (which was invented by Brentano in 1800) is known to most persons through Heine's poem wherein she is represented as a golden-haired maiden sitting on a rock overhanging the Rhine and luring the fisherman to destruction by her singing (see Liszt's song in this collection). Eichendorff's poem, used by Schumann, makes her roam the forest on horseback and inform the knight who woos her, before he recognizes her as the witch, that he shall never more get out of the forest alive. The mystic and grewsome suggestiveness of such a scene appealed irresistibly to the romantic temperament of the German Schumann and enabled him to reproduce its spirit admirably in his music. As sung by Lilli Lehmann, or Lillian Nordica, this song sends the cold shivers down one's back.

Ich grolle nicht—I'll not complain. Of Schumann's two hundred and forty-five songs this is at once the most popular and the most inspired. It forms number six of *Dichterliebe*, a group of sixteen songs from Heine's *Buch der Lieder*. In

these songs the union of the music with the poems is so intimate that, as has been aptly said, "it is sometimes impossible to rid ourselves of the impression that they are the work of one man."

This is particularly so in the case of *Ich grolle nicht*—a superbly effective outburst of woe and despair which proves once more that the best in art is the ineffably sad.

FRANZ LISZT (1811–1886)

WITH the exception of opera and chamber-music, there is no branch of the divine art in which Liszt did not do original—in fact, epoch-making—work. Next to this versatility his most remarkable trait is his cosmopolitanism. He was equally at home in Paris, Weimar, Budapest, and Rome; a wanderer, like the gypsies whose melodies he adopted. Hungarian, German, Italian, and French traits and influences can be traced in his music; but all have suffered

"a sea-change
Into something rich and strange;"

—so rich and strange that it has taken the world half a century to learn to appreciate this new art; the difficulty being increased by the fact that his forms were novel as well as his harmonies; and new forms and harmonies are but slowly accepted in music. Of his songs, half a dozen are French, and two of them, *Isten Veled* and *The Three Gypsies*, are Hungarian. The other fifty-one were written to German poems, and have the romantic and emotional qualities of German *Lieder*.

Die Lorelei—*The Loreley*. Before Liszt set Heine's famous poem to music the Germans had always sung it to Silcher's simple tune, which has the character of a genuine folk-song. It is a pretty melody and adapts itself well enough to the general mood of the poem. But it is always the same, in all the successive stanzas—the same whether the poet talks about his own melancholy mood, or about the calmly flowing Rhine at sunset, or about the maiden on the rock above, combing her golden hair, or about the enchanting lay she sings,

or about the wild longing which seizes the fisherman in the boat below, or about his heedlessness of the dangerous rocks, and the turbulent waters which finally engulf him. Liszt, on the contrary, saw here the possibilities of a miniature music-drama in which the melody and the expressive harmonies *continually change with the text*, as in a Wagner opera. The result is one of the most enchantingly realistic and dramatic songs in existence, replete with seductive melody, and agitated by a storm worthy of the composer of the *Flying Dutchman*. But let no bungling singer or pianist attempt it!

Der König von Thule—*The King of Thule*. Like the *Loreley*, this famous and effective ballad was composed by Liszt in 1841, on the quiet Rhine island Nonnenwerth, in the romantic region near the seven peaks of the Siebengebirge. It has all the beauty and eloquence of a Chopin ballad, with the added advantage of Goethe's emotional poetry. It occurs in his *Faust*.

Wanderers Nachtlied—*Wanderer's Night Song*. The charm of this song lies in its harmonies rather than its melody; but if the pianist is a genuine artist the effect is enchanting. Note the *molto tranquillo* and the *sotto voce* called for to express the lull in the tree-tops, when the breezes are at rest, the birds silent, and the nearness of death is suggested. Concerning the wonderful harmonies of this song, Dr. Hueffer has well said: "Particularly the modulation from G major back into the original E major, at the close of the piece, is of surprising beauty."

RICHARD WAGNER (1813–1883)

EVERYBODY knows that Wagner was a specialist of the opera, as Chopin was of the pianoforte. Yet he, too, wrote a few songs—ten in all. Four of them—*Dors, mon enfant*, *Attente*, *Mignonne*,

and *The Two Grenadiers*—were written in Paris (1839) as potboilers (he got about four dollars apiece for them!). In the following year he wrote *Der Tannenbaum*. The best of his songs, how-

ever, are *Träume* and *Im Treibhaus*, two of five which he composed in 1862. These two are studies to *Tristan and Isolde*, like the preliminary sketches which great artists make of their paintings and which sometimes surpass, in details, the paintings themselves.

Träume—*Dreams*. Singers who have never

heard *Tristan and Isolde*, the most characteristic and inspired of Wagner's operas, will get, through this song, a glimpse into an entirely new world of harmonic delights—the thrilling love-music of what may be aptly called the German *Romeo and Juliet*.

ROBERT FRANZ (1815–1892)

SCHUMANN was the first who discovered the genius of Franz as a song-writer. "Were I to dwell on all the exquisite details in his songs," he wrote, "I should never come to an end." Manuel Garcia, the most eminent teacher in the nineteenth century of the best Italian method (Jenny Lind was one of his pupils), declared that of all German songs Franz's were the best adapted to the voice. Though usually of the declamatory order, they *can* be sung as smoothly as the *bel canto* of the Italians. The secret was indicated by Franz himself: "It is easy to sing my songs if the vocalist saturates himself with the poem and thus endeavors to reproduce the musical content." Liszt repeatedly referred to Franz as the best of the lyric composers. But the greatest compliment was paid to Franz by Wagner, in the days of his exile in Switzerland. When Franz visited him in 1857, he took him to his bookcase and showed him his collection of music. It consisted of some works of Bach and Beethoven and the songs of Franz—nothing more. He also sang some of the Franz songs for the composer in a very dramatic way, and to the end of his life had them sung frequently in his family circle at Bayreuth. This is the more remarkable, because Wagner, while worshipping the old masters, had little love for his contemporaries.

Bitte—*Request*. Ambros called this song "the prayer of a deep soul." It must be sung rather slowly, but with the religious fervor of a hymn—for it is a hymn to love, to a woman's dreamy, soulful black eyes.

"For where is any author in the world
Teaches such beauty as a woman's eye?"

An American woman, to whom Franz showed

a picture of the wife he had just lost, while the tears were rolling down his cheeks, said to her companion: "Now I understand why his black-eyed song is so beautiful."

Für Musik—*For Music*. Mendelssohn (whose own songs are now so stale that none of them was deemed worthy of inclusion in this volume) once found fault with the songs of Franz because "the melody could not be detached from the piano part." As if that were not one of their greatest merits! Franz's songs are melodious not only in the vocal part but in every part of the "accompaniment." Harmony and melody became inseparable, as in the polyphonic works of Bach. Of the two hundred and seventy-nine songs written by Franz, none illustrates this peculiarity better than *Für Musik*, which is like a thicket in which a nightingale sings on every bush. The pianist must heed the directions: *il canto molto espressivo*—the melody to be brought out with deep feeling.

Widmung—*Dedication*. Another love-song, inspired, like *Bitte*, by a pair of eyes. "Oh, thank me not for these songs. They are yours, not mine. I read them in your eyes and simply copied them." This was one of Wagner's two favorites among Franz's songs.

Willkommen, mein Wald—*Now welcome, my Wood!* The majority of Franz's songs are slow and sad—*andantino* and *larghetto* being his favorite tempi. Of the lively and energetic ones *Willkommen, mein Wald* is a stirring example, with the exhilarating atmosphere of the forest. Oddly enough, Franz once remarked to a friend that he considered this one of his poor songs, and that he had hesitated to print it. Beethoven, in the same way, used to wish he could destroy his *Adelaide*,

which is unquestionably the best of all his songs. These are eccentricities of genius.

Wonne der Wehmuth—Delight of Melancholy. Goethe was not the first poet to dwell on the delights of sadness. Fletcher wrote, long before him, "There 's naught in this life sweet . . . but only melancholy"; and whole books have been written on "the ecstasy of woe." Milton coined the expression "melodious tear," and Franz's song is

such a tear.

Es hat die Rose sich beklagt—The Rose complained. This has always been one of the most popular of Franz's songs, and deservedly so. If played with tenderness and delicacy the music is as fragrant as the rose it immortalizes. Use the pedal, and notice the exquisitely plaintive effect in the pianoforte part of the C following the word "beklagt."

PETER CORNELIUS (1824–1874)

CORNELIUS was an intimate friend of Liszt and Wagner. He composed several operas, one of which—*The Barber of Bagdad*—had considerable success, though its failure at Weimar so disgusted Liszt that he resigned his post as conductor. Some of the songs of Cornelius are admirable. Like Wagner, he wrote his own poems. He also published a volume of poems without music.

Ein Ton—The Monotone. This song is one of the greatest curiosities in all musical literature.

The singer has only one tone throughout the forty-two bars of the composition, and the strangest thing about it is that very few persons realize this fact on hearing it the first time. But while the song is a monotone, it is anything but monotonous. So ingeniously varied is the piano part, and so interesting the harmonies, that the piece deserves to be classed with the mastersongs. Note that the poem suggests the peculiar treatment of the vocal part.

ANTON RUBINSTEIN (1829–1894)

RUBINSTEIN was one of the most fertile and original melodists of all time, and nowhere does the fount of his melody flow more freely than in his songs, most of which were written to German poems. Not a few of them are trivial and will share the fate of Mendelssohn's. But the best of them have a unique charm. Amateurs will find them easier to sing than most modern songs.

Der Asra—The Asra. Schubert himself might have been proud to have written this, one of the most truly vocal, original, and charming songs in existence. What a swing to the melody! and how quaint and exotic are its Oriental intervals at the

words "welche sterben wenn sie lieben"—so appropriate to the romantic story of the Arabic slave, who grows paler every time he sees the princess, because he belongs to the tribe of the Asra, who die when they love.

Gelb rollt mir zu Füßen—Golden at my Feet. The quaint Oriental intervals which occur in *Der Asra* characterize also the whole group of Persian songs (Opus 34) which Rubinstein composed to twelve of Bodenstedt's *Songs of Mirza Schaffy*. The most spontaneous, buoyant, and popular of them is this love-song, sung on the banks of the river Kura.

JOHANNES BRAHMS (1833–1897)

EXPERTS are not agreed as to the rank of Brahms. All, however, admire his chamber-music and some of his songs. In Germany and England the songs of Brahms are at present almost as popular as

Mendelssohn's were at one time; nor can it be denied that some of them, notably the three here presented, are very good, and likely to endure.

Wie bist du meine Königin—My Queen. There

is a languor and a sweetness in this song of ecstatic love that suggest the rich fragrance of a tuberosé. In studying this and the other Brahms songs, remember that, as Mrs. Wodehouse has well said, in them the accompaniment stands in the same relation to the voice part as the piano-forte part stands to the violin in a sonata written for those two instruments.

Minnelied—Love Song. It may seem odd that the best two of Brahms's songs should have been

inspired by poems of love, for he was never married; but love exercises its creative spell even over bachelor composers. The *Minnelied* (*Minne* is the old German word for *Liebe*, or *love*) seems to the editor the most inspired and delightful of Brahms's compositions.

Wie Melodien zieht es mir—A Thought like Music. Groth's poem seems to demand a musical setting, and Brahms has given it one which is both appropriate and beautiful.

ADOLF JENSEN (1837–1879)

ALTHOUGH Jensen wrote some admirable piano-forte pieces, he may nevertheless be classed with the song specialists, for the best products of his genius are to be found among his one hundred and sixty songs. In America he has never received the attention he deserves, but in Germany he is popular, and some of the experts rank him as high as Franz, or even higher. His idols were Schumann and Wagner.

Lehn' deine Wang' an meine Wang'—Press thy cheek against mine own. This is the first of his songs which Jensen considered good enough to print. It is a splendid setting of Heine's famous love-poem, full of emotion, with a touching melody and stirring voluptuous harmonies. Few songs are at the same time so good and so popular.

Wenn durch die Piazzetta—When through the Piazzetta. While *Press thy cheek* is one of those songs with which every one falls in love at first hearing, this and the following one are of the kind which must be studied with devotion before their ravishing beauty becomes apparent and haunts

the memory. When his genius was in its full maturity, Jensen became enamoured of English poetry and he set to music seven poems by Burns, seven by Moore, four by Cunningham, six by Scott, and six by Tennyson. So anxious was he to preserve the spirit and fragrance of these poems that in composing them he consulted several translations beside the originals. He considered these, justly, the best of his lyrics, and referred to them, in 1877, as "my last and grandest excursion in the land of song."

Leis' rudern hier, mein Gondolier!—Row gently here, my Gondolier! Of the innumerable Venetian boat-songs this is surely the most delightful. Arnold Niggli, in his book on Jensen, writes regarding these two songs, that "in *When through the Piazzetta*, in which the guitar-like accompaniment emphasizes its character as a serenade, the singer's love ardor is touched by a breath of melancholy; while the second serenade, *Row gently here*, floats dreamily on the waters like the soft light of the moon."

PIOTR ILYITCH TCHAIKOVSKY (1840–1893)

IN London concert halls the two most popular composers at the beginning of the twentieth century are Wagner and Tchaïkovsky. So far, however, Tchaïkovsky is known chiefly as a writer for the orchestra. Of his one hundred songs only a few have been brought forward, although there are many gems among them. Their day will come.

No poet has inspired so many first-class songs

as Heinrich Heine. The highly concentrated feeling in his poems makes them specially suitable for musical setting. *Warum sind denn die Rosen so blass?—Why so pale are the roses?* is an excellent example. Note how the poet himself leads up to the splendid climax in the music, when the absence of the beloved is made responsible for all the sadness in nature and life.

Nur wer die Sehnsucht kennt—None but the lonely Heart. Though one of the earliest of Tchaïkovsky's compositions (Opus 6), this song displays the ripest musicianship, and is one of the best settings of Goethe's oft-composed poem. "Written with tears at his heart," as James Huneker says, "*Nur wer die Sehnsucht kennt* is fit to keep company with the best songs of Schubert, Schumann, Franz, and Brahms. In intensity of feeling and in the repressed tragic note this song has few peers. It is a microcosm of the whole Ro-

mantic movement."

Déception—Disappointment. With the possible exception of Germany, no country has so many of the fragrant wild flowers we call folk-songs as Russia. The majority are of a melancholy cast. Tchaïkovsky's *Disappointment* has the characteristics of a genuine Russian folk-song, and its sadness is intensified by the poignant harmonies with which the composer of the Pathetic Symphony knew how to express the "ecstasy of woe."

ANTONÍN DVOŘÁK (1841–1904)

THE engagement of Antonín Dvořák as director, for several years, of the National Conservatory of Music in New York, by Mrs. Jeannette M. Thurber, is a good illustration of the influence women have so often exerted on musical affairs; for it led to the composition of the greatest symphony and the finest chamber-music ever written in America. It is in the several branches of instrumental music that Dvořák has done his best work; yet some of his vocal pieces—notably his Gypsy

Songs—are very beautiful too.

Als die alte Mutter—As my dear old Mother. Every one who has heard the slow movement of the *New World* symphony knows that Dvořák is a man of deep feeling. This song about the aged mother gives further proof of that fact; it doubtless owes some of its fervor to reminiscent filial devotion. Bohemian music is particularly rich and varied in its rhythms, and the rhythms of this song are difficult and need careful study.

JULES MASSENET (1842–)

FRANCE has produced no song specialists comparable to Schubert, Franz, or Jensen; and, while Gounod, Bizet, Saint-Saëns, Berlioz, and other masters wrote a considerable number of romances, they hardly ever put their best melodies into them, reserving these, as the Germans did before Schubert, for their operas and other large works. Massenet's fame, too, is based chiefly on his operas and choral works; yet he wrote several excellent songs.

Elégie—Elegy. Of all the songs ever written in France this is probably the best. It is one of

the few Parisian productions to which one cannot apply Liszt's criticism that French *chansons* and *romances* lack the *Sehnsucht* and *Gemüth*—the sentimental yearning and romanticism that are essential to the genuine *Lied*. Massenet's *Elégie* is not only a beautiful "mélodie" as he calls it, but it has the true elegiac *Innigkeit*, or soulfulness. The piano part, also, is made exceptionally interesting by imitative touches; that is, bars in which it echoes the melody. These must be played with fervent expression.

EDVARD GRIEG (1843–1907)

JUST as every European country has its own picturesque national costumes and customs, so it has its peculiar folk-music, which an expert easily recognizes. Grieg's wonderful melodies have some of the rugged, sombre, irregular, abrupt qualities

of Norwegian folk-song. But they are, with very few exceptions, of his own invention. Even more exotic and individual are his harmonies, which are as novel, daring, and fascinating as those of Schubert, Chopin, and Wagner. Grieg has, in-

deed, created the latest harmonic atmosphere in music. His harmonies are "caviare to the general," but musical epicures delight in their freshness and piquancy, their surprises, and their avoidance of commonplaces. Grieg's songs are like Wagner's operas inasmuch as they open up an entirely new world of musical enchantments.

Vom Monte Pincio—From Monte Pincio. The Pincio, in Rome, used to be known as the "hill of gardens." Here two thousand years ago were the famous gardens of the millionaire Lucullus, and many memories of mediæval events are associated with the place, too. At present it is a fashionable resort and drive, and in the evening, when there is music, it presents a gay scene. Björnson touches on the various points of view which occur to a poet's observant and reminiscent mind on a visit to this picturesque place; and Grieg's music, with a realistic art worthy of both Schubert and Liszt, reproduces all these aspects in his music—the glowing sunset, the swarming people, the domes of the city below, the mists calling up dim memories of the past and prophecies as to a future awakening of Rome to her former glory. Note how the opening chords conjure up the sunset mood; how the music grows funereal at the words "face of the dead"; note the echo-like sounds of the mountain horns; the fine contrast provided by the recurring gay melody (*vivo*); and many other exquisite details.

Mit einer Primula veris—The First Primrose. This is perhaps the best song for a first introduction to Grieg. Its ravishing melody enraptures the senses at a first hearing, and every one will agree that it is the loveliest of spring songs. All the tenderness of a flower, the fragrance of spring, the buoyancy of youth, are in this song of a lover who offers the first primrose of spring to his sweetheart in exchange for her heart.

Ein Schwan—A Swan. This is not only one of the most popular songs in modern concert halls, but is also one of the grandest ever composed. No one should attempt to sing it unless endowed with sufficient dramatic feeling to bring

out the deeper meaning of Ibsen's poem, the varied expression, and, especially, the superb climax where the swan, after a life-long silence, sings at last. Grieg, in a letter to the editor, has called particular attention to the fact that the words "Ja da, da sangst du" should be sung "*sempre fortissimo*, if possible even with a *crescendo*, and by no means *diminuendo* and *piano*."

An einem Bache—At the Brookside. When Grieg became acquainted, in 1880, with the poems of Vinje, he was "all aflame with enthusiasm," to use his own words, and in less than a fortnight he wrote a group of more than a dozen songs, to which this and the following one belong. In both of them we have Grieg at his very best, and in his most characteristic Norwegian mood. Here we come across melodic intervals and harmonic progressions so strange that at first they may seem to some persons almost like misprints; but after the ear has become habituated to them they assume an unearthly beauty. The charm of this original musical physiognomy grows on one like the expression of a face that indicates character as well as beauty.

Die alte Mutter—The Old Mother. A charming song of filial love and gratitude, which shows, like Dvořák's, that the romantic infatuation for a beautiful girl is not the only kind of love that inspires immortal music. Here the music is not so inseparably associated with the poem as in *Monte Pincio* and *A Swan*; but what a glorious melody, and what quaint, original harmonies!

Das Kind der Berge—The Mountain Maid. Grieg did not write much music in the last decade of the nineteenth century, because of his poor health. A few years ago, however, there appeared a group of eight songs, as Opus 67, under the general title of *The Mountain Maid*. It includes several gems, and the one selected for this volume is one of his most delightfully melodious and harmonically quaint and original *Lieder*, combining the freshness of youth with the depth of mature genius, and a touch of the Norwegian melancholy.

BENJAMIN GODARD (1849–1895)

JUST as, in Germany, Franz and Jensen wrote better songs than Mozart and Beethoven, so, in France, Godard and Delibes were better in this line than men of bigger calibre, like Berlioz, Gounod, and Saint-Saëns. Among the hundred or more songs written by Godard there is an unusual proportion of good ones,—songs that bear repetition well,—including the fine dramatic bal-

lad *The Traveller* and the quaintly exotic *Arabian Song*.

Chanson de Florian—Florian's Song. The great popularity of this song is entirely deserved; for although it is somewhat less weighty than the other songs in this collection, it has a masterly melody, rising in "c'est mon ami" to a splendid emotional climax.

IGNACE JAN PADEREWSKI (1860–)

THE greatest of living pianists has heretofore devoted himself chiefly to composition for orchestra and pianoforte. His opera *Manru*, which has been produced so successfully in European and American cities, contains melodies (like "Einsam bin ich" and the Cradle Song) which would have made fine lyrical songs. His only *Lieder*, so far, are the six published as Opus 18. They deserve to be more widely known than they are at present.

Ach! die Qualen—Ah! the Torment! At first sight this seems almost like a cheerful song written to a plaintive, sentimental text; but if the singer and the player understand the Polish *rubato*, and the Polish *zal*,—a mixture of tenderness, agitation, humility, regret, resignation,—the composition will appear in its true light. It might be called a mazurka for the voice. The *meno mosso* part is enchantingly Paderewskian

EDWARD MACDOWELL (1861–1908)

EDWARD MACDOWELL has placed American music, so far as the art-song is concerned, on a level with the best that is done in Europe. Among his forty-five songs there are only a few (the earliest ones) that do not in every bar betray his genius for creating original melodies and harmonies. He is intensely modern, and "a regiment of soldiers could not make him write a stale melody or a platitudinous succession of chords, such as constitute the stock in trade of most song-writers." All singers will remember the day of their first acquaintance with MacDowell's songs as one of the most delightful in their experience. The best collection to begin with is the one entitled *Eight Songs*, which includes *The Robin sings in the Apple Tree*, *The West Wind croons in the Cedar Trees*, and others that have become favorites in the home and the concert hall.

The Sea. One advantage possessed by the MacDowell songs is that they were written for the

most part to English or American poems, some of the best ones being by himself. His setting of W. D. Howells's *The Sea* has been aptly called by James Huneker "the strongest song of the sea since Schubert's *Am Meer*." The rare poetic art with which Howells brings before our eyes the picture of the lover sailing away to sea, while the beloved stands on the shore and cries; followed by the picture of the wreck, and the lover lying asleep, far under, dead in his coral bed—is duplicated in the music, which shows a marvellous gift of emotional coloring in its harmonies, and is, in all other respects, a perfect song; the best, with the possible exception of his *Menie*, ever written in America. It is thanks to the kindness of the most famous of German music publishers, Breitkopf and Härtel, that it is possible to insert this copyrighted composition in this collection of mastersongs.

RICHARD STRAUSS (1864 –)

RICHARD STRAUSS (who is not related to the “waltz-king”) is the best-praised and the best-abused of contemporary German composers. The dispute is chiefly over his symphonic poems; his songs are admired by all. There are more than half a hundred, and while most of them are difficult to sing and play, they are worth careful study.

Ständchen—Serenade. Within the last few years this serenade has become one of the most popular pieces in our concert halls. If played by a nimble and intelligent pianist and sung by a vocalist of the dramatic type, it never fails to produce a fine effect, and to arouse a desire for further acquaintance with the works of this gifted young composer.

New York, March, 1902.

Henry T. Finck

THE MYSTERY OF SONG

*The sound of music that is born of human breath,
Comes straighter from the soul than any strain
The hand alone can make.*

*As he sang —
Of what I know not, but the music touched
Each chord of being — I felt my secret life
Stand open to it, as the parched earth yawns
To drink the summer rain; and at the call
Of those refreshing waters, all my thought
Stir from its dark and secret depths, and burst
Into sweet, odorous flowers, and from their wells
Deep call to deep, and all the mystery
Of all that is, laid open.*

ANON.

FIFTY MASTERSONGS

THE VIOLET

(DAS VEILCHEN)

(Composed in 1785)

(Original Key)

JOHANN WOLFGANG von GOETHE (1749-1832)

WOLFGANG AMADEUS MOZART

(1756-1791)

Allegretto.

VOICE

PIANO

A vio - let blos - somed on the green With low - ly stem and
Ein Veil - chen auf der Wie - se stand. ge - bückt in sich und

bloom un - seen; It was a love - ly vio - let! A
un - be - kannt; es war ein her - zigs Veil - chen. Da

shep-herd maid - en came that way, With light - some step and as - pect gay, Came
kam ein' jun - ge Schö - fer - in mit leich - tem Schritt und mun - term Sinn da -

near, came near, came o'er the green with song.
her, da - her, die Wie - se her, und - sang.

"Ah!" thought the vio - let, —
Ach, denkt das Veil - chen, —

"Might I be The fair - est flow - er on the lea, Ah! but —
war' ich nur die schön - ste Blu - me der Na - tur, ach! nur —

— for one brief hour! And might be plucked by that dear maid And
 — ein klei - nes Weil - chen, bis mich das Lieb - chen ab - ge - pflückt, und

gen - tly on her bo - som laid, Ah! but, ah! but a
 an dem Bu - sen matt ge - drückt, ach! nur, ach! nur ein

few dear mo - ments long!" Ah! but a - las! the maid - en
 Vier - tel - stünd - chen lang. Ach! a - ber ach! das Mäd - chen

passed, No eye up - on the vio - let cast, But crushed —
 kam und nicht in Acht das Veil - chen nahm, er - trat —

rall.

the love - ly flow - er! It sank and died, and
 das ar - me Veil - chen: es sank und starb und

stringendo

heaved no sigh; "For if I die, I die thro' her, I die thro'
 freut' sich noch: und sterb' ich denn, so sterb' ich doch durch sie, durch

cresc.

rall. *p a piacere*

her, Be - neath her feet I die!" O ten - der
 sie, zu ih - ren Fü - ssen doch! Das ar - me

rall. *f* *arpeggio*

a tempo *f*

vio - let! It was a love - ly vio - let!
 Veil - chen! es war ein her - zigs Veil - chen!

a tempo *f* *p*

ADELAÏDE

(Composed in 1795)

(Original Key)

FRIEDRICH von MATTHISSON (1761 - 1831)

Translated by John S. Dwight

LUDWIG van BEETHOVEN, Op. 46

(1770 - 1827)

Larghetto

PIANO

dolce e piano

p

Lone - ly wan - ders thy
Ein - sam wan - delt dein

friend in spring's green gar - den, Mild - ly stream - eth the mag - ic light a -
Freund im Früh - lings - gar - ten, mild vom lieb - lich - en Zau - ber - licht um -

round him, As through trem - - - bling flow - 'ry branch - es it
 flo - ssen, V das durch wan - - - kende Blü - then - zwei - ge—

quivers, A - de-la - i - de!
 zit-tert, A - de-la - i - de!

A - de-la - i - de! In the mir - ror-like
 A - de-la - i - de! In der spie - geln-den

stream, in Al - - - pine snow-fields, In the
 Fluth, im Schnee der Al - pen, in des

clouds' gold - englow at day's de - clin - ing, In the star - fields of
 sin - ken - den Ta - ges Gold - ge - wöl - ke, im Ge - fil - de der

heav - en gleams thine im - age, thine im - age, A - de - la -
 Ster - ne strahlt dein Bild - niss, dein Bild - niss, A - de - la -

i - de! In the clouds' gold - englow at day's de -
 - i - de! In des sin - ken - den Ta - ges Gold - ge -

clin - ing, In the star - fields of heav - en,
 wöl - ke, im Ge - fil - de der Ster - ne

p

gleams _____ thine— im - age, thine— im - age,
 strahlt _____ dein— Bild - niss, dein— Bild - niss,

p

decresc.

pp

A - - - de - la - i - de!
 A - - - de - la - i - de!

pp *pp* *pp*

p

Eve - - ning
 A - - bend -

pp

winds in the ten-der leaves are whisp'ring,
 lüft - chen im zar - ten Lau - be flüs - tern,

pp

Sil - ver May - bells a - mid the cool grass rus - tling, Waves are
 Sil - ber - glöck - chen des Mai's in Gra - se säu - seln, Wel - len

p
 mur - mring, and night - in - gales keep trill - ing,
 rau - schen und Nach - ti - gal - len flö - ten,

f *p*
 Waves are mur - mring, and night - in - gales keep
 Wel - len rau - schen und Nach - ti - gal - len

V
 trill - ing: A - de - la - i -
 flö - ten, *V* A - de - la - i -

de! Eve - ning winds in the ten - der leaves are whisp'ring, Sil - ver
de! A - bend - lüft - chen im zar - ten Lau - be flüs - tern Sil - ber.

May - bells a - mid the cool grass rus - tling, Waves are mur - m'ring, and night-in-gales keep
glöck - chen des Mai's im Gra - se säu - seln, Wel - len rau - schen und Nach - ti - gal - len

trill - ing, and night-in - gales keep trill - ing: A - - de - - la -
flö - ten, und Nach - ti - gal - len flö - ten: A - - de - - la -

i - de! A - - de - - la - i - de!
i - de! A - - de - - la - i - de!

Allegro molto

Soon, O won-der! O won-der! up - on my grave be - hold it,
 Einst, O Wun-der! O Wun-der! ent - blüht auf mei - nem Gra - be,

p *f*

O won-der! up - on my grave be - hold it,
 O Wun-der! ent - blüht auf mei - nem Gra - be

f *ff* *p* *legato*

Springs a blos - som from out my heart's cold ash - es, from — out my
 ei - ne Blu - me der A - sche mei - nes Her - zens, der — A - sche

V

heart's cold ash - es; Clear - ly shin - ing, Clear - ly shin - ing on
 mei - nes Her - zens; deut - lich schim - mert, deut - lich schim - mert , auf

cresc. *cresc.*

ev-'ry pur-ple pet-al, on ev-'ry pur-ple pet-al: A - de - la-
 je-dem Pur-pur-blätt-chen, *v* auf je-dem Pur-pur-blätt-chen: A - de - la-

i - de! A - - de-la - i - de!
 i - de! A - - de-la - i - de!

Soon, O wonder! soon, O wonder!
 Einst, O Wun-der! einst, O Wun-der!

Yes, soon on my grave, yes, on my grave be - hold it,
 ent - blüht, ach, ent - blüht, auf mei - nem Gra - be

Springs a blos - som from out my heart's cold ash - es, a blos-som from
 ei - ne Blu - me der A - sche mei - nes Her - zens, der A - sche

out my heart's ash - es; Clear - ly shin-ing, Clear - ly shin-ing on
 mei - nes — Her - zens; deut - lich schim-mert, deut - lich schim-mert auf

ev-'ry purple pet-al, on ev-'ry purple pet-al: A - de-la-i - de,
 je-dem Pur-pur-blätt-chen, auf je-dem Pur-pur-blätt-chen: A - de-la-i - de!

A - - - de-la-i - de, Clear - ly shin - ing on
 A - - - de-la-i - de! deut - lich schim-mert , auf

ev - 'ry pur - ple pet - al, on ev - 'ry pur - ple pet - al:
 je - dem Pur - pur - blätt - chen, auf je - dem Pur - pur - blätt - chen:

cresc.
 A - - de - la - i - - de,
 A - - de - la - i - - de!

p cresc. ff ff

p ff
 A - - de - la - i - - de!
 A - - de - la - i - - de,

p cresc. ff ff p

pp
 A - - de - la - i - - de,
 A - - de - la - i - - de!

calando pp

THE ERLKING (DER ERLKÖNIG)

(Composed in 1815)

JOHANN WOLFGANG von GOETHE (1749-1832)

*Translated by Arthur Westbrook**(Original Key)*

FRANZ SCHUBERT, Op.1

(1797-1828)

Allegro (Schnell) ♩ = 152

PIANO

Who rid - eth so late through night and
 Wer rei - tet so spät durch Nacht und

wind? It is the fa - ther — with his
Wind? Es ist der Va - ter mit sei - nem

child; He has the boy so safe in his
Kind; er hat den Kna - ben wohl in dem

arm, He holds him tight - ly, he holds him warm.
Arm, er fasst ihn si - cher, er hält ihn warm.

My son, in
Mein Sohn, was

ter - ror why hid - est thy face? Oh,
 birgst du so bang dein Ge - sicht? Siehst,

cresc. *f* *(pp)*

fa - ther, see, the Erl - king is night!
 Va - ter, du den Erl - kö - nig nicht?

mf

The Erl - king dread - ed, with crown and
 den Er - len - kö - nig mit Kron' und

p *mf*

rob! My son, 'tis but a streak of mist.
 Schweif? Mein Sohn, es ist ein Ne - bel - streif.

"My dear - est child, come,
 „Du lie - bes Kind, komm,

decresc. *pp*

go with me! Such mer - ry
 geh' mit mir! gar schö - ne

plays I'll play with thee. For
 Spie - le spiel' ich mit dir; manch'

man - y gay flow - ers are bloom - ing
 bur - te Blu - men sind an dem

there, And my moth - er has - man - y gold - - en robes for
 Strand, mei - ne Mut - ter hat - manch gül - - den Ge -

thee." My fa - ther, my fa - ther, and hear - est thou not What the
 wand?— Mein Va - ter, mein Va - ter, und hö - rest du nicht, was

f *p*

Erl - king whis - pers so soft in my ear? Be
 Er - len - kö - nig mir lei - se ver - spricht? Sei

decresc.

qui - et, oh, be qui - et, 'my child; 'Tis but the dead leaves stirred by the
 ru - hig, blei - be ru - hig, mein Kind: in dürr - ren Blät - tern säu - selt der

wind.
Wind.

"Come, love - ly — boy, wilt thou go with me? My —
„Willst, fei - ner — Kna - be, du mit mir gehn? mei - ne

ppp

daugh - ters fair shall wait on thee, There my daugh - ters — lead in the
Töch - ter sol - len dich war - ten schön; mei - ne Töch - ter — füh - ren den

rev - els each night, They'll sing and they'll dance and they'll rock thee to sleep, They'll
nächt - li - chen Reihn und wie - gen und tan - zen und sin - gen dich ein, sie

sing and they'll dance and they'll rock thee to sleep." My
wie - gen und tan - zen und sin - gen dich ein." Mein

f

fa - ther, my fa - ther, and see - est thou not the Erl-king's daugh - ters in
 Va - ter, mein Va - ter, und siehst du nicht dort Erl - kö - nigs Töch - ter am

yon dim spot? My son, my son, I
 dü - stern Ort? Mein Sohn, mein Sohn, ich

decresc.

see, and I know 'Twas on - ly the old - en wil - low so gray.
 seh' es ge - nau, es schei - nen die al - ten Wei - den so grau.

cresc. *ff*

"I
 „Ich

p

love thee so, thy beau - ty has rav ished my sense; And, will - ing or
 lie - be dich, mich reizt dei - ne schö - ne Ge - stalt, und bist du nicht

pp

not, I will car - ry thee hence." My fa - ther, my
 wil - lig, so brauch' ich Ge - walt." Mein Va - ter, mein

fff

fa - ther, now grasps he my arm, The Erl - king has
 Va - ter, jetzt fasst er mich an! Erl - kö - nig

sf

seized me, has done me harm! The
 hat mir ein Leid's ge - than! Dem

sf

accelerando

fa - ther shud - ders, he rides like the wind, He
 Va - ter grau - set's, er rei - tet ge - schwind, er

cresc.

clasps to his bos - om the pale, sob - bing child;
 hält in Ar - men das äch - zen - de Kind,

ff

He reach - es home with fear and
 er - reicht - es den Hof mit Müh' und

sf

Recit.

dread; Clasped in his arms — the child was dead.
 Noth; in sei - nen Ar - men das Kind war todt.

Andante

fp *pp* *p* *f*

THE WANDERER (DER WANDERER)

(Composed in 1816)

GEORG FILIPP SCHMIDT (1766-1849)

Translated by Arthur Westbrook

(Original Key, C# minor)

FRANZ SCHUBERT, Op. 4, No. 1

(1797-1828)

Lento (♩ = 63)

PIANO

pp *cresc.*

I come here from my moun tains lone,
Ich kom - me vom Ge - bir - ge her,

fz *p* *pp*

The vale is dim, The sea doth moan, the sea doth
es dampft das Thal. es braust das Meer, es braust das

f *cresc.* *ff*

moan.
Meer.

I wan-der on with pain and care,
Ich wand-le— still, bin we - nig froh,

fp *pp* *pp*

And ev - er asks my sigh - ing, "Where?" ev - er, "Where?" The
und im - mer fragt der Seuf - zer: Wo? im - mer Wo? Die

pp

ppp

sun to me seems here so cold, The flow'rs are fad-ed and life is old. Their
Son - ne dünkt mich hier so kalt, die Blü - the welk, das Le - ben alt, und

pp

speech doth seem but emp - ty sound, I feel a stran-ger ev' - ry-where.
was sie re - den, lee - rer Schall, ich bin ein Fremd-ling ü - ber-all.

pp

Più mosso (Etwas geschwinder)

Where art thou, where art thou, My be - lov - ed land? In
Wo bist du, wo bist du, mein ge - lieb - tes Land? ge -

mf

hope, I seek, yet nev - er
sucht, ge - ahnt, und nie ge -

p

pp

Allegro (Geschwind)

know. That land, that land where hope is green,
 kannt! Das Land, das Land so hoff-nungs-grün,

fp

where hope is green, The land where ro-ses
 so hoff-nungs-grün, das Land, wo mei-ne

f *p*

bloom for me; Where roam the friends so dear to me, Where all my dead will
 Ro-sen blüh'n, wo mei-ne Freun-de wan-delnd geh'n, wo mei-ne Tod-ten

cresc. *f*

live a-gain, That land where they my lan-guage speak, O land,—where
 auf-er-stehn, das Land, das mei-ne Spra-che spricht. o Land,—wo

fp

Tempo, Adagio_ (Wie anfangs, sehr langsam)

art thou? I wan - der_
bist du? Ich wand - le__

fp *pp* *dim.*

on with pain and care, And ev - er asks my sigh - ing,
still, bin we - nig froh, und im - mer fragt der Seuf - zer:

"Where?" ev - er "Where?" In spir - it - voice the ans - wer comes:
wo? im - mer wo? Im Gei - ster - hauch tönt's mir zu - rück:

pp *ppp*

"There, where thou art not, there is thy rest!"
„Dort, wo du nicht bist, dort - ist das Glück!"

fp

DEATH AND THE MAIDEN

(DER TOD UND DAS MÄDCHEN)

(Composed in 1817)

MATTHIAS CLAUDIUS (1743-1815)

Translated by Arthur Westbrook

(Original Key, D minor)

FRANZ SCHUBERT, Op. 7, No. 3

(1797-1828)

PIANO

Moderato (Mässig) $\text{♩} = 54$

poco più moto (Etwas geschwinder)

(THE MAIDEN) Pass on - ward, Oh! pass on - ward, Go,
(DAS MÄDCHEN) Vor - ü - ber! ach, vor - ü - ber! geh!

wild and blood - less man! I am still young, A -
wil - der Kno - chen-mann! Ich bin noch jung, geh;

crusc.

way then, and touch me not, I pray, Oh, touch me not, I pray.
lie - ber! und rüh - re mich nicht an, und rüh - re mich nicht an.

Tempo I

(DEATH) Give me thy hand, my fair and ten - der
(DER TOD) Gieb dei - ne Hand, du schön und zart Ge -

pp dim.

child, As friend I come, and not to — chas - ten. Be of good
bild! bin Freund und kom - me nicht zu — stra - fen. Sei gu - tes

cheer! I bring thee rest; To sleep with - in these fond arms has -
Muths! ich bin nicht wild, sollst sanft in mei - nen Ar - men schla -

ten!
fen!

MY PEACE THOU ART

(DU BIST DIE RUH)

(Composed in 1823)

Original Key

FRIEDRICH RÜCKERT 1788-1866

Translated by Edward Rowland Sill

FRANZ SCHUBERT, Op.59,Nº3

(1797-1828)

Larghetto (*Langsam*)

PIANO

pp

My peace thou art, V thou
Du bist die Ruh, , der

art	my	rest;	∨	From	thee	my	pain,	in	thee	so
Frie	de	mild,	∨	die	Schn -	sucht	du.	und	was	sie

blest: V En - tér mine eyes, _____ V this__ heart draw__
stillt. V Ich wei - he dir _____ voll__ Lust__ und__

near, O come, O dwell for ev - er here,
 Schmerz zur Woh - nung hier mein Aug' und Herz.

for ev - er here.
 mein Aug' und Herz.

pp

En - ter, and close the door, and
 Kehr' ein bei mir, und schlie - sse

come, And be this breast thine end - less home;
 du still hin - ter dir die Pfor - ten zu.

Shut out all woe, — all less-er care and woe, V I would thy
 Treib' an - dern Schmerz — aus — die - ser — Brust! V voll sei dies

hurt — V and — heal - ing — know, — V thy hurt and heal - ing
 Herz — V von — dei - ner — Lust, — V von — dei - ner —

know. —
 Lust. —

Clear light that on my soul hath shone, my
 Dies Au - gen - zelt, V von dei - nem Glanz al -

soul hath shone, — Still let it shine — from thee a —
 lein ver - hellet, — o — füll' es — ganz, — v o — füll' es —

f *pp*

lone, — Clear light that on my
 ganz! — Dies Au - gen - zelt, v von

^{*)} soul hath shone, v my soul hath shone, — Still let it —
 dei - nem Glanz al - lein v er - hellet, — o — füll' es —

cresc. *f* *pp*

shine — v from thee a — lone. —
 ganz, — v o — füll' es — ganz! —

^{*)} According to the original edition . The original M S has not been found.

HARK! HARK! THE LARK

(HORCH, HORCH, DIE LERCH!)

Serenade from "Cymbeline"

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE (1564-1616)

*German of first verse by A. W. Schlegel**Second and third German verses added by Fr. Reil, and**Translated by Isabella G. Parker*

(Composed in 1826)

(Original Key)

FRANZ SCHUBERT (Posthumous)

(1797-1828)

Allegretto

VOICE

PIANO

Fine

1. Hark! hark! the lark at heav'n's gate sings, And Phoe - bus 'gins — to
 2. Through all the si - lent, love - ly night The star - ry hosts — on
 3. If this doth not a - wak - en thee, When love - songs, for — thy

1. Horch, horch, die Lerch' im Ae - ther blau! und Phö - bus, neu er -
 2. Wenn schon die lie - be gan - ze Nacht der Ster - ne lich - tes
 3. Und wenn dich al - les das nicht weckt, so wer - de durch — den

rise, _____ His steeds to wa - ter at those springs, On
high _____ A - bove thee watch, in or - der bright, And
sake, _____ Up - on the night rise ten - der - ly, O,

weckt, _____ trinkt sei - ne Ros - se mit dem Thau, der
Heer _____ hoch ü - ber dir im Wech - sel' wacht, so
Ton _____ der Min - ne zärt - lich auf - ge - neckt! O

chal - iced flow'rs that lies, _____ On chal - iced flow'rs that lies. And
hope, till morn is nigh, _____ And hope, till morn is nigh, That
then wilt thou a - wake, _____ O then wilt thou a - wake! How

Blu - men - kel - che deckt, _____ der Blu - men - kel - che deckt. Der
hof - fen sie noch mehr, _____ so hof - fen sie noch mehr, dass
dann er - wachst du schon, _____ O dann er - wachst du schon! Wie

wink - ing Ma - ry - buds be - gin — To ope their gold - en
 thou wilt wake, — their light to greet: — Come, ope thy star - ry
 Love thee to — thy win - dōw brings, Well knows he: — ope — thine

Rin - gel - blu - me Knos - pe schleusst die gold' - nen Aeug - lein
 auch dein Au - gen - stern sie grüsst, — Er - wach! Sie war - ten
 oft sie dich — an s Fen - ster trieb, — das weiss sie, d'rum — steh'

eyes, With ev - 'ry thing — that pret - ty bin. My
 eyes! Since thou so star - like art, so sweet, My
 eyes, And love thy sing - er while he sings! My

auf; mit al - lem, was — da rei - zend ist — du
 drauf, weil du doch gar — so rei - zend bist; du
 auf. und ha - be dei - nen Sän - ger lieb. du



la - dy sweet, — a - rise! With · ev - 'ry - thing that
 la - dy sweet, — a - rise! Since thou so star - like
 la - dy sweet, — a - rise! And love thy sing - er

sü - sse Maid, — steh' auf, mit al - lem, was — da
 sü - sse Maid, — steh' auf, weil du doch gar — so
 sü - sse Maid, — steh' auf, und ha - be dei - nen



pret - ty bin, My la - dy sweet, — a - rise! ——— a -
 art, so sweet, My la - dy sweet, — a - rise! ——— a -
 while he sings! My la - dy sweet, — a - rise! ——— a -

rei - zend ist — du sü - sse Maid, — steh' auf, ——— steh'
 rei - zend bist; du sü - sse Maid, — steh' auf, ——— steh'
 Sän - ger lieb, du sü - sse Maid, — steh' auf, ——— steh'

rise, _____ a - rise, _____ My la - dy sweet, a - rise, _____ a -
 rise, _____ a - rise, _____ My la - dy sweet, a - rise, _____ a -
 rise, _____ a - rise, _____ My la - dy sweet, a - rise, _____ a -

auf, _____ steh' auf, _____ du sü - sse Maid, steh' auf, _____ 'steh'
 auf, _____ steh' auf, _____ du sü - sse Maid, steh' auf, _____ steh'
 auf, _____ steh' auf, _____ du sü - sse Maid, steh' auf, _____ steh'

f *decresc.*

rise, _____ a - rise, _____ My la - dy sweet, a - rise!
 rise, _____ a - rise, _____ My la - dy sweet, a - rise!
 rise, _____ a - rise, _____ My la - dy sweet, a - rise!

auf, _____ steh' auf, _____ du sü - sse Maid, steh' auf!
 auf, _____ steh' auf, _____ du sü - sse Maid, steh' auf!
 auf, _____ steh' auf, _____ du sü - sse Maid, steh' auf!

p

Dal Segno

THE INN (DAS WIRTHSHAUS)

(Composed in 1825)

WILHELM MÜLLER (1794 - 1827)
Translated by Alexander Blaes

(Original Key)

FRANZ SCHUBERT, Op. 89, No. 21
(1797 - 1828)

Adagio (*Sehr langsam*)

VOICE

PIANO

pp

cresc.

Up - on my end-less wand-'rings a
Auf ei - nen Tod - ten - a - cker hat

p

pp

church-yard I be-hold. Here have I thought to rest me, with - in this qui - et fold.
mich mein Weg zu-bracht. All - hier will ich ein-keh - ren, hab' ich bei mir ge-dacht.

O ver-dant wreaths of wel-come! ye
Ihr grü-nen Tod-ten-krän-ze könnt

cresc. *p* *pp*

of - fer a re-treat To pil - grims faint and wear - y, with
wohl die Zei - chen sein, die mü - de Wan - d'rer la - den in's

p *pp*

bleed - ing hearts and feet. A -
küh - le Wirths - haus ein. Sind

p *pp*

las! each place seems ta - - ken by dwell - ers strange - ly mute. To
denn in die - sem Hau - - se die Kam - mern all be - setzt? bin

p *pp*

death am I ex-haust - ed with grief and pain a-cute. Thou
 matt zum Nie-der-sin - ken, bin tödt - lich schwer ver-letzt. O

inn, of pit-y bar-ren, yet turnst thou me a-way? Then on, my staff e'er faith-ful, till
 un-barm-herz-ge Schen-ke, doch wei-sest du mich ab? Nun wei-ter denn, nur wei-ter, mein

cresc. *p*

death my care al-lay, Then on, my staff e'er faith-ful, till
 treu-er Wan-der-stab, nun wei-ter denn, nur wei-ter, mein

cresc.

death my care al-lay.
 treu-er Wan-der-stab!

MY A BODE

(AUFENTHALT)

LUDWIG RELLSTAB (1799-1860)

Translated by Louis C. Elson

(Composed in 1828)

(Original Key, E Minor)

FRANZ SCHUBERT

"Schwanengesang" No. 5

(1797-1828)

Not too quickly, yet with force (*Nicht zu geschwind, doch kräftig*)

PIANO

Swift rush-ing stream, loud moaning wood, Rockbleak and scarred, my
Rau-schen-der Strom, brau-sen-der Wald, star-ren - der Fels, mein

wild a - bode, Swift rush-ing stream, loud moan-ing wood, Rock bleak and
Auf - ent - halt, rau-schen-der Strom, brau-sen - der Wald, star - ren - der

scarred, my wild a - bode.
Fels, mein Auf - ent - halt.

Bil - lows on bil - lows chase o'er o - cean's breast. So too are flow - ing my
 Wie sich die Wel - le an Wel - le reiht, flie - ssen die Thrä - nen mir

tears without rest, so too are flow - ing my tears, my
 e - wig er - neut, flie - ssen die Thrä - nen mir e - wig,

tears with - out rest, so too are flow - ing my tears with - out rest.
 e - wig er - neut, flie - ssen die Thrä - nen mir e - wig er - neut.

tears with - out rest, so too are flow - ing my tears with - out rest.
 e - wig er - neut, flie - ssen die Thrä - nen mir e - wig er - neut.

Winds o'er the tree-tops are nev - er at peace, My heart's wild throbbing, like
 Hoch in den Kro - nen — wo - gend sich's regt, so un - auf - hör - lich mein

ben marcato

them, will not cease, Winds o'er the tree-tops are nev - er at peace, My
 Her - ze schlägt, hoch in den Kro - nen wo - gend sich's regt, so

mf

heart's wild throbbing, like them, will not cease, The wild, wild throbs of my
 un - auf - hör - lich mein Her - ze schlägt, so un - auf - hör - lich mein

heart — will not cease. And
 Her - ze schlägt. Und

p

like the ore in the rock's hard vein, Ev - er my bo - som
wie des Fel - sen ur - al - tes Erz, e - wig der - sel - be

hold - eth its pain, ev - er my ho - - - som hold-eth,
blei - bet mein Schmerz, e - wig der - sel - - - be blei - bet,

cresc. *f*

hold - eth its pain, ev - er my bo - som hold-eth its pain.
blei - bet mein Schmerz, e - wig der - sel - be blei - bet mein Schmerz.

dim.

Swift rush-ing stream, loud moan-ing wood, Rock bleak and scarred, my wild a -
 Rau - schen - der Strom, brau - sen - der Wald, star - ren - der Fels, mein Auf - ent -

p

bode, Swift rush - ing stream, loud moan-ing wood, Rock bleak and scarred, *ff*
 halt, rau - schen - der Strom, brau - sen - der Wald, star - ren - der Fels, _____

cresc.

_____ swift rush-ing stream, _____ loud _____ moan-ing wood, my
 _____ rau - schen - der Strom, _____ brau - - sen - der Wald, mein

decresc. *p*

wild a - bode. _____
 Auf - ent - halt. _____

pp

MY PHANTOM DOUBLE

(DER DOPPELGÄNGER)

(Composed in 1828)

(Original Key)

HEINRICH HEINE (1799-1856)

Translated by Arthur Westbrook

FRANZ SCHUBERT,

"Schwanengesang" No. 13

(1797-1828)

VOICE *Molto adagio (Sehr langsam)*

Still is the night o'er roof-tree and
 Still ist die Nacht, es ru-hen die

PIANO *pp*

stee-ple; With-in this dwell-ing lived my treasure rare.
 Gas-sen, in die-sem Hau-se wohn-te mein Schatz;

Long since she left— this town and peo-ple,
 sie hat schon längst— die Stadt ver-las-sen,

But still stands the house on the self - same square.
 doch steht nach das Haus — auf dem - sel - ben Platz.

Here stands, too, a man; towards heav - en he ga - zes, His hands he
 Da steht auch ein Mensch und starrt in die Hö - he, und ringt die

cresc. *poco a poco*

wring-eth in wild - est de - spair; — I shud - der,
 Hän - de vor Schmer - zens - ge - walt; — mir — graust es,

ff *decresc.* *p*

when now his face he rais - es — The moon-light shows me mine own self is
 wenn ich sein Ant - litz se - he — der Mond zeigt mir mei - ne eig' - ne Ge -

cresc. *ff*

there! _____ O pale, sad crea - ture, My ghost and my
 stalt. _____ Du Dop - pel - gän - ger, du blei - cher Ge -

fff > *decresc.* *p* > *acce -* - > *lerando* > *cresc.*

doub - le, Why dost thou ape my pas - sion's tears, That haunt - ed me with cru - el
 sel - le! was äffst du nach mein Lie - bes - leid, das mich ge - quält auf die - ser

ff > *ff* >

troub - le So man - y a night in old - - en
 Stel - le so man - che Nacht, in al - - ter

fff > *fff* > *p*

years?
 Zeit?

pp *ppp*

MY DELIGHT

(MEINE FREUDEN)

Composed in 1837

ADAM MICKIEWICZ (1798-1855)
Translated by Nathan Haskell Dole

(Original Key)

FRÉDÉRIC CHOPIN
(1809-1849)

Allegretto (M.M. ♩ = 120)

VOICE

PIANO

When first the mag - ic of thy dear voice
Wenn du, Ge - lieb - te, nur be - ginnst zu

calls me, I am en - rap - tured; a won - drous charm en - thrals me!
re - den. bin ich ge - fan - gen mit tau - send Zau - ber - fä - den!

poco cresc. *dim.*

I dare not move for fear the spell be brok - en: Fain would I
 lau - sche ent - zückt und wa - ge nicht zu stö - ren; wün - sche, du

p

ev - er-more thus— see thee smil - ing, Thus hear thine ac - cents, thine
 plau - der - test e - wig so hei - ter und will mein Le - ben, mein

ac - cents be - guil - ing, Words soft - ly spok - en, ev - er-more would
 Le - ben lang nichts wei - ter, als dich nur hö - ren, dich nur hö - ren,

hear thee, Lin - ger - ing near thee, ev - er-more would hear — thee!
 hö - ren, als dich nur hö - ren, dich nur hö - ren, hö - ren!

cresc. *sf*

But when thy pas - sion flow - er - like un - clos - es, Bright glow thine
 Doch wenn die Au - gen feu - ri - ger dir glü - hen, rö - te - re

p *poco cresc.*

eyes and thy cheeks flush with ros - es, When not a glance my
 Ro - sen den Wan - gen er - blü - hen, wenn dir ent - zückt die

dim.

kind - ling ar - dor miss - es, Ah! then, Ah! then, — Ah!
 Bli - cke fol - gen müs - sen, ach dann! . ach dann! — ach

stretto

then, — Be - lov - ed, Ah! then, be - lov - ed, no
 dann, — Ge - lieb - te, ach dann, Ge - lieb - te, dann

cresc. *e*

cresc. *e*

sempre più accel. -

more fain to hear thee, I, clos - er drawn to thee, bend - ing so
 möcht' ich dich stö - ren, will län - ger nicht mehr die Lip - pen dann

sempre più accel. -

ff *rall. poco a poco* *f*

near thee, Stay ——— thee with kiss - es, with kiss -
 hö - ren; will ——— sie nur küs - sen, nur küs -

rall. poco a poco

a tempo

- es, with kiss - - - es, with kiss - es!
 — sen, nur küs - - - sen, nur küs - sen!

a tempo *mf*

THE PARTED LOVERS

(ZWEI LEICHEN)

(Composed in 1845)

BOGDAN ZALESKI (1802-1886)

(Original Key, D minor)

FRÉDÉRIC CHOPIN

Translated by NATHAN HASKELL DOLE

(1809-1849)

Allegretto (♩ = 100)

VOICE

1. Two fond young lov - ers, tho' faith - ful, tho' true - heart - ed,
 1. Zwei die sich lieb - ten, die darf - ten's nicht ge - ste - hen,

PIANO

p legato

Were kept from meet - ing, were from each - o - ther part - ed.
 muss - ten sich mei - den und von ein - an - der ge - hen.

Years swift - ly glid - ed by; still their love each cher - ished;
 Jah - re ver - gin - gen, sah'n sich nie - mals wie - der,

poco cresc. *dim.*

Both came at last to die, All their sweet hopes per - ished!
 leg - ten sich end - lich beid' zu ster - ben nie - der.

p

2 There in her own room the faith-ful maid was ly-ing, Far in the
 3 High in the church-tower the bells were toll-ing sad-ly, There in the
 2 Drin-nen im Stüb-chen das Mägd-lein lag im Bet-te, doch der Ko-
 3 Läu-te-ten Glo-cken im Dor-fe von dem Thur-me; heul-ten im

p legato

for-est wild the Cos-sack youth was dy-ing. Grooped round the maid-en's bed,
 for-est the wolves were howl-ing mad-ly; Priests laid the maid-en's form,
 sak-lag an wil-der Wal-des-stät-te. Wein-ten um's Mägd-lein
 Wal-de nur Wöl-fe laut im Stur-me. Mägd-lein im Gra-be

poco cresc.

youths and girls la-ment-ed, Fierce o'er the Cos-sack's head ra-vens hung, keen-scent-ed.
 in her grave with chaunting While raved the rain and storm, o'er the Cos-sack vaunt-ing.
 Mäd-chen wohl und Kna-ben; um den Ko-sa-ken krächz-ten nur die Ra-ben.
 deck-te Prie-sters Se-gen; doch den Ko-sa-ken bleich-ten Wind und Re-gen.

dim. p

DEDICATION

(WIDMUNG)

(Composed in 1840)

(Original Key, Ab)

FRIEDRICH RÜCKERT (1788 - 1866)

Translated by Alexander Blaess

ROBERT SCHUMANN, Op. 25, No. 1

(1810 - 1856)

Animato, affettuoso (Imig, lebhaft)

VOICE

PIANO

Thou art my life, my soul and
Du mei-ne See-le, du mein

The first system of the musical score. The voice part begins with a whole rest, followed by the lyrics. The piano accompaniment starts with a melody in the right hand and a bass line in the left hand, marked *mf*. The key signature is three flats (Ab), and the time signature is 3/2. The system ends with a repeat sign.

heart, Thou both my joy and sad-ness art, Thou art my
Herz. du mei-ne Wonn', o du mein Schmerz. du mei-ne

The second system of the musical score. The voice part continues with the lyrics. The piano accompaniment features a more active melody in the right hand. The system ends with a repeat sign.

heav'n, my match-less lov-er, The world of bliss where-in I
Welt, in der ich le-be, mein Him-mel du, da-rein ich

The third system of the musical score. The voice part concludes with the lyrics. The piano accompaniment features a descending melody in the right hand. The system ends with a repeat sign.

hov - er, Thou art the grave where-in I cast For ev - er
 schwe - be, o du mein Grab, in das hin - ab ich e - wig

all my sor - row past. Thou bring - est
 mei - nen Kum - mer gab! Du bist die

rest and peace a - bid - ing,
 Ruh, du bist der Frie - den,

Heav'n is through thee me kind - - - ly
 du bist vom Him - mel mir - - - be -

guid - ing; So has thy love to me ap - peal'd I see my
 schie - den. Dass du mich liebst, macht mich mir werth, dein Blick hat

in - most self re - veal'd, Thou lift - est
 mich vor mir ver - klärt, du hebst mich

rit.

me be-yond my - self, Good gen - ius thou, my bet - ter
 lie - bend ü - ber mich, mein gu - ter Geist, mein bess' - res

p *rit.*

self. Thou art my life, my soul and heart, Thou both my
 Ich! Du mei-ne See - le, du mein Herz, du mei-ne

f

joy — and sad - ness art, Thou art my heav'n, — my match - less
 Wonn' — o du mein Schmerz, du mei - ne Wilt, — in der ich

lov - er, The world of bliss — where - in I hov - er, good genius
 le - be, mein Him - mel du, — da - rein ich schwe - be, mein gu - ter

steigend und eilend rit.

thou, my bet - ter self!
 Geist, mein bess' - res Ich!

p rit.

rit.

THE LOTUS FLOWER

(DIE LOTOSBLUME)

(Composed in 1840)

HEINRICH HEINE (1799 - 1856)

Translated by Arthur Westbrook

(Original Key)

ROBERT SCHUMANN, Op. 25, No. 7

(1810 - 1856)

Larghetto (Ziemlich langsam)

VOICE

The Lo - tus flow'r doth lan - guish
Die Lo - tos - blu - me äng - stigt

PIANO

p

Un-der the sun's fierce light, With droop-ing head— she wait - eth, She
sich vor der Son - ne Pracht, und mit ge - senk - tem Haup - te er -

dream-i - ly waits for the night. The moon is her— true lov - er, He
war tet sie träu-mend die Nacht. Der Mond, der ist— ihr Buh - le, er

pp

wakes her with fond - em - brace; For him she glad - ly un-veil - eth Her
weckt sie mit sei - nem Licht, und ihm ent-schlei-ert sie freund-lich ihr

accel. nach *poco und*

sweet and flow'r - like face. She blooms and glows and
 from - mes Blu - men - ge - sicht. Sie blüht und glüht und

a nach *poco schneller*

bright - ens, And mute - ly ga - zes a - bove; She
 leuch - tet, und star - ret stumm in die Höh; sie

p rit.

weeps and ex - hales and trembles With love, and the sor - rows of
 duf - tet und wei - net und zit - tert vor Lie - be und Lie - bes -

rit. *p*

rit.

love, With love, and the sor - rows of love.
 weh, vor Lie - be und Lie - bes - weh.

rit.

IN THE FOREST

(WALDESGESPRÄCH)

(Composed in 1840)

(Original Key)

JOSEPH von EICHENDORFF (1788-1857)

Translated by Alexander Bless

ROBERT SCHUMANN, Op. 39, No. 3

(1810-1856)

Allegretto (Ziemlich rasch)

VOICE

mf

"The hour is
„Es ist schon

PIANO

mf

late, — cold grows the night; — Dost thou not rue thy lone - ly
spät, — es ist schon kalt, — was reißt du ein - sam durch den

ride? Thou art so fair; sad is thy plight; Oh, fol - low me! and be my
Wald? Der Wald ist lang, du bist al - lein, du schö - ne Braut! ich führ' dich

bride!" "Man's plead-ing way and lur - ing
 heim!" „Gross ist der Män - ner Trug und

p

La

kiss Con - ceal de - ceit and ar - ti -
 List, vor Schmerz mein Herz ge - bro - chen

face. Know'st not my pale and heart - worn face? Oh,
 ist, wohl irrt das Wald - horn her und hin, o

f

flee! Oh, flee from this ac - curs - ed place!"
 flieh! o flieh! du weisst nicht, wer ich bin."

f

"Thy comb be - jewelled_ o'er snow - - white brow, En -
 „So reich ge - schmückt ist Ross und Weib, so

clasps a wealth of gold - en hair, of gold - - en hair, I
 wun - der - schön, so wun - der - schön der jun - ge Leib; jetzt

rit. *f*

a tempo *f* *rit.* *3*

know thee now! Heav'n help my soul! A witch art thou, the Lo - re -
 kenn' ich dich. - Gott steh' mir bei! du bist die He - xe Lo - re -

a tempo *f* *rit.*

a tempo *p*

ley!" "Thou know'st me well, From
 lei!" „Du kennst mich wohl, du

a tempo

tow' - ring cliff I scan the Rhine And lure the skip - per and his
kennst - mich wohl - von ho - hem Stein schaut still mein Schlosstief in den

skiff. The hour is late, the night grows
Rhein. Es ist schon spät, es ist schon

cold, Fair day thou'lt nev - er - more be - hold, nev - er
kalt, kommst nim - mer - mehr aus die - sem Wald, nim - mer -

more, nev - er - more thou wilt be - hold!"
mehr, nim - mer - mehr aus die - sem Wald!"

more, nev - er - more thou wilt be - hold!"
mehr, nim - mer - mehr aus die - sem Wald!"

I'LL NOT COMPLAIN

(ICH GROLLE NICHT)

(Composed in 1840)

HEINRICH HEINE (1799-1856)

Translated by John S. Dwight

(Original Key)

ROBERT SCHUMANN, Op. 48, No. 7

(1810-1856)

Moderato (Nicht zu schnell)

VOICE

I'll not com-plain, tho' break my heart _____ in
 Ich grol - le nicht, und wenn das Herz _____ auch

PIANO

mf

twain.
 bricht,

O love for ev - er lost!
 e - wig ver - lor' - nes Lieb,

O love for ev - er lost! I'll not _____ com -
 e - wig ver - lor' - nes Lieb! _____ ich grol - - - le

plain, I'll not com - plain. Howe'er thou
 nicht, ich grol - le nicht. Wie du auch

shin'st in dia - mond splen - dor bright, There falls no ray in - to thy
 strahlst in Di - a - man - ten - pracht, es fällt kein Strahl in dei - nes

f ritard.
 heart's deep night, I know full well.
 Her - zens Nacht, das weiss ich längst.

f
 I'll not com - plain, tho' break my heart in
 Ich grol - le nicht, und wenn das Herz auch

twain. In dreams I saw thee wan - ing, And saw the
 bricht. Ich sah dich ja im Trau - me, und sah die

p

night with - in thy bos - om reign - ing, And saw the snake that on thy heart doth
 Nacht in dei - nes Her - zens Rau - me, und sah die Schlang' die dir am Her - zen

cresc.

gnaw. How all for - lorn thou art, my love. I saw. I'll not com - plain, I'll not com -
 frisst. ich sah, mein Lieb, wie sehr du e - lend bist. Ich grol - le nicht, ich grol - le

rit. *f*

plain.
 nicht.

f *f* *f*

THE LORELEY (DIE LORELEI)

69

(Composed in 1841)

(Original Key)

HEINRICH HEINE (1799-1856)
Translated by Arthur Westbrook

FRANZ LISZT
(1811-1886)

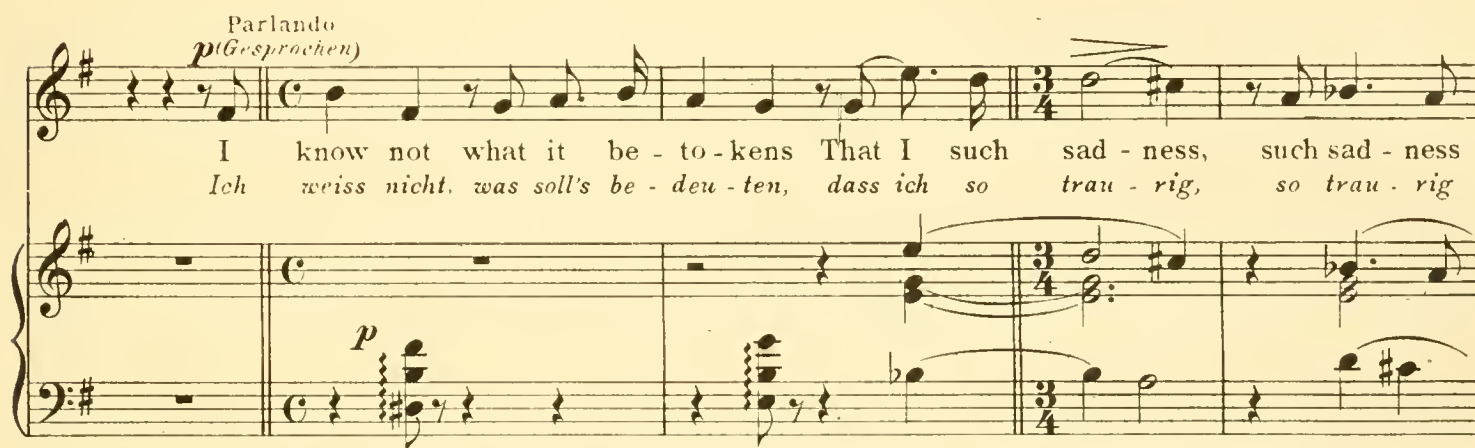
Moderato Non strascinando (*Nicht schleppend*)

PIANO



Parlando
p (*Gesprochen*)

I know not what it be - to - kens That I such sad - ness, such sad - ness
Ich weiss nicht, was soll's be - deu - ten, dass ich so trau - rig, so trau - rig



Allegretto

know;
bin.

A le - gend of
Ein Mär - chen aus



poco rit.

by - gone a - ges So haunts me, nor will it go, So haunts me, nor—
al - ten Zei - ten. das kommt mir nicht aus dem Sinn, das kommt mir nicht—

poco rit.



smorz.

— will it go.
— aus dem Sinn.

*dolce**una corda**dim.**Ped.**poco rit.**Adagio*

The air is cool,
Die Luft ist kühl,

Molto tranquillo, ma non strascinando
(Sehr ruhig, aber nicht schleppend)

poco rit.

day is — wan — ing,
und es — dun — kelt

And gen — tly,
und ru — hig.

gen — tly flows the Rhine,
ru — hig fließt der Rhein,

And gen — tly flows the Rhine,
und ru — hig fließt der Rhein.

The last rays of eve - ning sun - light
 der Gip - fel der Ber - ge fun - kelt

un poco cresc.

The moun-tain heights en - shrine, The
 im A - bend-son - nen - schein, im

p *colla voce*

rit.
 moun - tain heights en - shrine.
 A - bend - son - nen - schein.

espressivo
rit. *ppp* *sempre una corda*

sotto voce
 Up - on the heights is seat - ed A
 Die schön - ste Jung - frau si - tzet dort

maid - en pass - ing fair, Her gold - en ar - ray is shin - ing, She
o - ben wun - der - bar, ihr gold' - nes Ge - schmei - de bli - tzet. sie

Lento * *Lento* * *Lento* *

poco rall. *sempre dolce*

combs — her gold - en hair; With comb of bright gold she combs it, And
kämmt — ihr gold' - nes Haar; sie kämmt es mit gold' - nem Kam - me und

poco rall. *sempre dolcissimo*

Lento *Lento*

sings — a won - drous song; — In ca - dence so strangely haunt - ing
singt — ein Lied da - bei, — das hat ei - ne wun - der - sa - me,

cresc.

Lento *Lento*

cresc. molto

The sound — is borne a - long, The sound — is borne a -
ge - walt' - ge Me - lo - dei, ge - walt' - ge Me - lo -

string. *tre corde*

Lento *Lento* *Lento* *Lento*

long. _____ The
dei. _____ Den

trem.

f *ff* *mf*

Pa *

boat-man up - on the wa - ters Is hold - en in long - ing
Schif - fer im klei - nen Schif - fe er - greift es mit wil - dem

dread, He sees not the reef be - fore him, He
Weh, er schaut nicht die Fel - sen - rif - fe, er

p *p*

sees but the height, the height _____ o - ver -
schaut nur hin - auf, hin - auf _____ in die

cresc. *cresc.* *molto* *f*

head. *f* The bil - lows sur -
 Höh. Ich glau - be, die

ff

*Pa. * Pa. * Pa. * Pa. * Pa. * Pa. **

round - ing en - gulf him; Till boat and
 Wel - len ver - schlin - gen am En - de

*Pa. * Pa. * Pa. * Pa. **

> string.
 boat - man are gone.
 Schif - fer und Kahn.

string.

Pa.

Meno Lang-
 And Und

ff

Pa. Pa.

Moderato
-samer)

this with her art-ful sing-ing The Lo-re - ley, — the Lo-re-ley hath done!
das hat mit ih - rem Sin - gen die Lo - re - lei, — die Lo-re-lei ge - than,

rit.

Come prima
espressivo

And this — with her
und das — hat mit

una corda

dolce

La sempre legata * * *

art - ful sing - ing The
ih - rem Sin - gen die

Lo - re - ley, the Lo - re - ley hath done, the
Lo - re - lei, die Lo - re - lei ge - than, die

Lo - re - ley — hath done! And this — with her
 Lo - re - lei — ge - than, und das — hat mit

sempre dolce

art - ful sing - (ing) - ing, The
 ih - rem Sin - (gen) - gen die

Lo - re - ley, the Lo - re - ley — hath done, the
 Lo - re - lei. die Lo - re - lei — ge - than, die.

p

Lo - re - ley hath done!
 Lo - re - lei ge - than!

pp smorz.

ppp

THE KING OF THULE

77

(DER KÖNIG VON THULE)

(From "Faust")

(Composed in 1841)

JOHANN WOLFGANG von GOETHE (1749-1832)

Translated by Arthur Westbrook

(Original Key, F Minor)

FRANZ LISZT

(1811-1886)

Allegretto

PIANO

p

There was a King— in Thu - le, Aye faith-ful, to the
 Es war ein Kö - nig in Thu - le, gar treu - bis an sein

pp

poco rall.

grave, To whom his dy - ing la - dy Then a gold - en beak - er
 Grab, dem ster - bend sei - ne Buh - le ei - nen gold' - nen Be - cher

poco rall. pp

a tempo

gave, a gold - en beak - er gave. Naught else he prized so—
 gab, ei - nen gold' - nen Be - cher gab. Es ging ihm nichts dar -

a tempo

sempre p

poco rall.

dear - ly, And drained its glow - ing draught, His eyes with tears were o'er -
 ü - ber, er leert' ihm je - den Schmaus, die Au - gen gin - gen ihm

poco rall.

La *

a tempo

flow - ing When - e'er the cup he quaff'd, when - e'er the cup he
 ü - ber, so oft er trank dar - aus, so oft er trank dar -

a tempo

quaff'd.
aus.

When he at last lay,
Und als er kam zu

p

dy - ing, All his rich - es o'er he told,
ster - ben, zählt' er sei - ne Stüdt' im Reich.

dim.

All on his heirs be - stow - ing Ex - cept the cup of
 gönnt' al - les sei - nen Er - ben, den Be - cher nicht zu -

dolce

gold, All on his heirs be - stow - ing Ex - cept the cup of
 gleich, gönnt al - les sei - nen Er - ben, den Be - cher nicht zu -

cresc.

gold, He sat at roy - al ban - quet A - mid the knight - ly
 gleich, Er sass beim Kö - nigs - mah - le, die Rit - ter um ihn

f

Ped * *Ped* *

train, In his an - ces - tral cas - tle, High tow - ring o'er the
 her, auf hoh - em Vä - ter - saa - le, dort auf dem Schloss am

f

Ped * *Ped* *

Allegretto agitato

main.
Meer.

ff

marcato

Up rose the a - ged
Dort stand der al - te

dim. *p*

mon - arch, His life's last glow drank he, Then hurled the hal - lowed
Ze - cher, trank letz - te Le - bens - gluth, und warf den heil' - gen

mf *sf* *ff*

beak - er For down - ward in the sea, Far down - ward in the
Be - cher hin - un - ter in die Fluth, hin - un - ter in die

ff

sea,
Fluth;

mf

La *

He saw it fall - ing, fill - ing,
er sah ihn stür - zen, trin - ken

La *

And sink - ing in the
und sin - ken tief in's

La *

sea,
Meer.

rinf.

La *

rit.

Then closed his eyes, ne'er to o - - - pen,
 Die Au - gen thä - ten ihm sin - - - ken.

*p rit.**dim.*

And nev - er a - gain drank he,
 Trank nie ei - nen Trop - fen mehr,

*rit.**a tempo*

nev - er a - gain drank he.
 trank nie ei - nen Trop - fen mehr.

*p**p a tempo**rit.**rit.*

WANDERER'S NIGHT SONG

(WANDERERS NACHTLIED)

83

(Composed in 1848)

JOHANN WOLFGANG von GOETHE (1749-1832)

Translated by Arthur Westbrook

(Original Key, E)

FRANZ LISZT

(1811-1886)

VOICE *Lento, molto tranquillo* *p sotto voce*

O'er the tree-tops all is at rest. In wood and
Ue - ber al - len Gip - feln ist Ruh, in al - len

PIANO *pp una corda* *pp*

val - ley scarce a breath stirs 'mong the leaves, The birds all
Wip - feln spü - rest du kaum ei - nen Hauch; smorzando Die Vö - ge - lein

slum - ber, their song is stilled. On - ly
schwei - gen im Wal - de, War - te

sempre dolcissimo *ten.* *ten.*

wait, nur, on - ly wait, nur,
war - te

ten. *ten.*

f

soon, bal - de, soon, bal - de,

espressivo

Leg.

poco a poco rall.

soon shalt thou, too, find rest, Soon thou,
bal de ru hest du auch, bal - de

pp

poco a poco rall.

Leg.

rit. *poco a poco rall.* *ma non troppo*

too, shalt find rest, find rest. On - ly wait, on - ly
ru - hest du auch, du auch, war - te nur, war - te

ppp poco a poco rall. *ma non troppo*

rit.

rit. *pp*

wait, nur, soon thou, too, shalt find rest, find rest.
bal - de ru - hest du auch, du auch.

ppp rit. *pppp*

DREAMS

(TRÄUME)

85

Study for "Tristan and Isolde", Composed in 1862

(Original Key)

MATHILDE WESENDONCK

Translated by Isabella G. Parker

RICHARD WAGNER

(1813-1883)

In very moderate time but not dragging
(*Sehr mässig bewegt aber nie schleppend*)

dolcissimo

PIANO

*pp**un poco cresc.**dim.*

p
Sag' welch wun - der - ba - re Träu - - me hal - ten
Tell me what these dreams of won - - der all my

pp

mei-nem Sinn um - fan - - gen, dass sie nicht wie lee - re
soul in bonds en - chain - - ing. Not like bub - bles burst a -

Schäu - me sind in ö - des Nichts ver - gan - gen? Träu -
sun - der Leav - ing naught but foam re - main - ing? Vi -

me die in je - der Stun - de, je - dem Ta - ge schö - ner blüh'n und mit ih - rer
sions ev - er bright - er grow - ing Ev - 'ry day and ev - 'ry hour With a heaven-born

Him - mels - kun - de se - lig durchs Ge - nui - the zieln? Träu -
lus - tre glow - ing Might - y in their ho - ly power. Vi -

animated
(belebt)

me, die wie heh - re Strah - len in die See - le sich ver - sen - ken,
sions, rays of glo - ry ta - king Bring - ing rap - ture none can meas - ure

cresc. *mf*

p ritenuto *accel.*
(steigernd)

dort ein e - wig Bild zu ma - len: All - ver - ges - sen, Ein - ge - den - ken!
In my heart her im - age ma - king, All for - got - ten save my treas - ure.

dim. *pp* *cresc.*

f a tempo *p quicker*
(bewegt)

Träu - me, wie wenn Früh - lings - son - ne aus dem Schnee die Blü - then
Vi - sions as when Spring - time voi - ces Call from snow the blos - soms

f *p* *cresc.*

Ed.

slacken
(nachlassend)

küsst, dass zu nie ge - ahn - ten Won - ne sie der neu - e Tag be - grüsst, — dass sie
sweet. Ev - ry ti - ny bud re - jo - ces, Glad the new - born day to greet. — Let the

p *dim.*

slacken more and more
(immer mehr nachlassend)

wach - sen, dass sie blü - hen, träu - mend spen - den ih - ren Duft,
flow - ers bloom - ing bright - ly, Soft ex - hale their fra - grant breath.

p dolce

tenderly
(weich)

Pa

* *Pa*

* *Pa*

*

sanft an dei - ner Brust ver - glü - hen, und dann sin - ken in die Gruft.
On thy bos - om rest - ing light - ly Let them fa - ding, sink to death.

piu p

morendo

pp

piu p

pp

REQUEST

(BITTE)

(Original Key)

NIKOLAUS LENAÜ (1802-1850)

a) Translated by Arthur Westbrook

b) Translated by J. B. Johnson.

ROBERT FRANZ, Op. 9, No. 3

(1815-1892)

Larghetto sostenuto (Mit tiefster Innigkeit)

VOICE

p

a) Turn to me, dark eye so ten - der Let - me
 Weil' auf mir, du - dunk - les Au - ge, ü - be
 b) On me turn thy - spark - ling lus' - tre, Dark - eye,

PIANO

p legato

feel - thy gen - tle might. With thy grave and dream - y
 dei - ne gan - ze - Macht, ern - ste, mil - de, träu - me -
 fill'd - with gen - tle - light, Ear - nest, mild, with - dream - light

p

sweet - ness, Thine un - fath - om'd, won - drous night.
 ri - sche, un - er - gründ - lich sü - sse - Nacht.
 beam - ing, Fair as - day, and calm as - night!

p

Take, now, with thy som - bre mag - ic From my
 Nimm mit dei - nem Zau - ber - dun - kel die - se
 With thy pow'r ! blest en - chant - ment, Take me

p

sight this world a - way, That a - lone thou
 Welt von hin - nen mir, dass du ü - ber
 from this world a - way; Rule my life and

p

mayst for - ev - er O'er my life — ex - tend thy sway.
 mei - nem Le - ben ein - sam schwe - best für und für.
 rule for - ev - er, Thee a - lone — will I o - bey.

dim.

p

dim.

To Frä. Louise von Platen
FOR MUSIC
 (FÜR MUSIK)

91

EMANUEL von GEIBEL (1815 - 1884)

Translated by Diana V. Ashton

(Original Key)

ROBERT FRANZ, Op.10, N°1

(1815 - 1892)

Andante molto sostenuto

VOICE *p* *With feeling*

Now the shad - ows dark - en, Star on stars a - light,
 Nun die Schat - ten dun - keln, Stern an Stern er - wacht.

PIANO *p* *il canto molto espress.*

What a breath of long - ing Floods the air at night;
 welch ein Hauch der Schn - sucht flu - tet durch die Nacht.

cresc. *p*

Through the sea of fan - cy Steer-ing with - out rest,
 Durch das Meer der Träu - me steu - ert oh - ne Ruh'.

Seeks my soul thy spir - it, Ha - ven, oh, — how blest. —
 steu - ert mei - ne See - le Dei - ner See - le zu. —

cresc. *p*

p
 Take my heart's de - vo - tion, Thine it is a - lone! —
 Die sich dir er - ge - ben, nimm sie ganz da - hin! —

cresc. *p*

cresc. *mf* *p*
 Ah, thou know'st that nev - er I have been my own, have been my own.
 Ach, du weißt, dass nim - mer ich mein ei - gen bin, mein ei - gen bin.

cresc. *mf* *p*

To Frä. Hermine Haller

DEDICATION

(WIDMUNG)

93

WOLFGANG MÜLLER (1816-1873)
Translated by Arthur Westbroök

(Original Key)

ROBERT FRANZ, Op. 14, No. 1
(1815-1892)

Andante espressivo (Innig)

VOICE *mf*

Oh, thank me not for what I sing thee; Thine are the
O dan ke nicht für die - se Lie - der, mir ziemt es

PIANO *mf*

mf *p*

songs, no gift of mine. Thou gav'st them me; — I but re -
dank - bar Dir zu sein; Du gabst sie mir. — ich ge - be

mf *p*

mf

turn thee what is and ev - er will be thine.
wie - der. was jetzt und einst und e wig Dein.

mf

mf

Thine were they ev - 'ry one for - ev - er. The light — which
 Dein sind sie al - le ja ge - we - sen. Aus Dei - ner

mf

mf *p*

in thy dear eyes shone Tru - ly hath taught me how — to
 lie - ben Au - gen Licht hab' ich sie treu - lich ab - ge -

mf *p*

Ad. *

pp

read them; Dost thou not know — they are — thine own, —
 le - sen, kennst Du die eig - nen Lie - der nicht? —

pp

Ad. *

f *p*

Dost thou not know — they are — thine own? —
 kennst Du die eig - nen Lie - der nicht? —

f *p*

NOW WELCOME, MY WOOD!

95

(WILLKOMMEN, MEIN WALD!)

OTTO ROQUETTE (1824 -)

(Original Key)

ROBERT FRANZ, Op. 21, No. 1

Translated by Elisabeth Rücker

(1815 - 1892)

Vivace

Bright and lively (Frisch und lebhaft)

VOICE

f

Now wel - come, my wood, — thou green — sha - dy
Will - kom - men, mein Wald, — grün - schat - ti - ges

PIANO

f

con Pedale

con Pedale

*home! — Thro' the branch - es now peals forth thy wel - com - ing
Haus! — durch die Wip - fel schon hallt mir dein grü - ssend Ge -

mf

tone. — How glad - ly I breathe the fresh life - giv - ing
braus. — Wie trink' ich in Zü - gen mich frisch und ge -

cresc. *f.*

breeze, — In — ha — ling con — tent — ment 'neath rus — tling trees, 'neath
 sund. — hier athm' ich Ge — nü — gen aus Her — zens — grund, aus —

cresc. *f.*

rus — tling trees. — Now
 Her — zens — grund. — Zum

mount — ing the dell, — there steals — from be — low — The soft ves — per —
 gra — si — gen Hang — auf — stei — gend vom Thal, — drängt der Glo — cken

mf.

bell thro' the eve — ning glow. — And there sounds in the branch — es, as
 Klang und des A — bends Strahl. — Und es rauscht in der Ei — che hoch —

up - ward they stream, Thro' sweet - est green shad - ow a
 stre - ben - dem Baum, im grü - nen Be - rei - che ein

cresc.

f
 song - ster's dream, a song - ster's
 Lie - des - traum, ein Lie - des -

cresc.

dream. The flow' - rets re -
 traum. Den Blu - men ge -

f

joice, as round me they lie, With glad - ness I
 sellt auf Ra - sen und Moos, tief schau' ich die

gaze on the earth and the sky! And, — dream - ing in
Welt und den Him - mel wie gross! — Und ich träu - me im

mf

si - lence from my sha - dy knoll, — Feel earth is my
Schwei - gen der schat - ti - gen Ruh, — den Him - mel mein

cresc.

por - tion, and heav - en my goal, and heav -
ei - gen, die Er - de da - zu, die Er -

f

en my goal! —
de da - zu!

cresc.

DELIGHT OF MELANCHOLY

(WONNE DER WEHMUTH)

(Original Key)

JOHANN WOLFGANG von GOETHE (1749-1832)

Translated by Arthur Westbrook

ROBERT FRANZ, Op. 33, No. 1

(1815-1892)

Larghetto

VOICE

p

Dry ye not, —
Trock - - net nicht, —

PIANO

p

con Pedale

dry ye not, — Tears of a love nev - er
trock - - net nicht, — Thrä - nen der e - wi - gen

dy - ing! Ah! on - ly to eyes half dried from their
Lie - be! Ach nur - dem halb - ge - trock - ne - ten

mf

mf

mf

weep - ing How bar - ren, how dead the world still must seem! _____
 Au - ge wie ö - de, wie todt die Welt ihm er - scheint! _____

p

mf *cresc.*

Dry ye not, _____ dry ye not, _____
 Trock - net nicht, _____ trock - net nicht, _____

mf *cresc.*

Tears of un - for - tu - nate lov - ing! _____
 Thrä - nen un - glück - li - cher Lie - be! _____

THE ROSE COMPLAINED

101

(ES HAT DIE ROSE SICH BEKLAGT)

FRIEDRICH von BODENSTEDT (1819 - 1892)

(Original Key)

ROBERT FRANZ, Op. 42, No. 5

(From the Persian of Mirza Schaffy)

(1815 - 1892)

Translated by George L. Osgood

Larghetto - Fervent and tender (*Innig und zart*)

VOICE

The rose com -
Es hat die

PIANO

espressivo

mf

Con Ped.

plain'd with hang - ing head, Her fra-grance all too soon was
Ro - se sich be - klagt, dass gar zu schnell der Duft ver -

go - ing, Which spring had lav - ish'd sweet and ver - nal!
go - he den ihr der Lenz ge - ge - ben ha - be,

To com - fort
Da hab' ich

her, 'twas then I said, Her fra-grance through my songs was
ihr zum Trost ge - sagt, dass er durch mei - ne Lie - der

float - ing, And there would find a life e - ter - nal!
we - he, und dort ein ew' - ges Le - ben ha - be.

p

THE MONOTONE

(EIN TON)

(Original Key)

Translated by C. Hugo Laubach

Words and Music by
 PETER CORNELIUS, Op. 3, No. 3
 (1824-1874)

Not too slowly (*Etwas bewegt*)

VOICE

I hear a tone so won-drous rare; It fills my
 Mir klingt ein Ton so won - der bar in Herz und

PIANO

legato (gebunden)

p *pp* *p*

heart, 'tis ev - er there. Ah, can it
 Sin - nen im - mer - dar. Ist es der

mf *p*

be the last faint breath That stirred thy pal - lid lips ere death?
 Hauch, der dir ent - schwebt, als ein - mal noch dein Mund ge - bebt?

cresc.

Is it the ten - der mon - o - tone Of church-bell
 ist es des Glöck-leins trü - ber Klang, der dir ge -

cresc.

which for thee made moan? Lo, still it comes, so full, so
 folgt den Weg ent - lang? Mir klingt der. Ton so voll und

p *cresc.*

clear, As though thy soul were float - ing near, _____
 rein, als schloss' er dei - ne See - le ein, _____

fp dim. *pp*

pp

As though with love and yearning deep You sang my bitter pain to
 als stie - gest lie - bend nie - der Du und säng - est mei - nen Schmerz in

pp

sleep! _____
 Ruh! _____

mf

pp

THE ASRA

(DER ASRA)

(Original Key)

HEINRICH HEINE (1799-1856)

Translated by Arthur Westbrook

ANTON RUBINSTEIN, Op. 32, No. 6

(1829-1894)

Moderato

VOICE



Ev-'ry day the won-drous love-ly Sul-tan's daugh-ter paced the gar-den,
 Täg-lich ging die wun-der-schö-ne Sul-tans-toch-ter auf und nie-der

PIANO



In the eve-ning near the foun-tain Where the foam-ing wa-ters whit-en.
 um die A-bend-zeit am Spring-brunn, wo die wei-ssen Was-ser plät-schern;



Ev-'ry day the youth-ful slave stood In the eve-ning near the foun-tain,
 täg-lich stand der jun-ge Skla-ve um die A-bend-zeit am Spring-brunn,



dim.

Where the foam-ing wa - ters whit - en. Dai - ly grew he pale and
 wo die wei - ssen Was - ser plät - schern. Täg - lich ward er bleich und

dim. *cresc. animato* *p*

pal - er, pale and pal - er. Till one eve - ning slept the Prin - cess
 blei - cher, bleich und blei - cher. Ei - nes A - bends trat die Für - stin

mf stringendo

To his side with hur - ried ques - tion. "Tell me, slave, thy name, thy coun - try!
 auf ihn zu mit ra - schen Wor - ten: "Dei nen Na - men will ich wei - ssen,

ritard.

Tell me of thy home and kin - dred!" And the slave re - plied: "Men
 dei - ne Hei - math, dei - ne Sipp - schaft!" Und der Skla - ve sprach: "Ich

ritard.

Tempo I

call — me Ma - ho - met, I come — from Ye - men, And my
 hei - - sse Ma - ho - met, ich bin — aus Ye - men, und mein

tribe is that of As - ra, Who in lov - - ing ev - er
 Stamm sind je - ne As - ra, wel - che ster - - ben wenn sie

per - ish, And my tribe is that of As - ra, Who in lov - ing, ev - er
 lie - ben, und mein Stamm sind je - ne As - ra, wel - che ster - ben wenn sie

per - - ish."
 lie - - ben."

GOLDEN AT MY FEET

(GELB ROLLT MIR ZU FÜSSEN)

109

(Original Key)

FRIEDRICH von BODENSTEDT (1819-1892)

(from the Persian of Mirza Schaffy)

Translated by Arthur Westbrook

ANTON RUBINSTEIN, Op. 34, No. 9

(1829-1894)

Andante

PIANO

Gold - en at my feet rolls the Ku - ra in might,
Gelb rollt mir zu Fü - ssen der brau - sen - de Kur,

Foam on the waves light - ly ri - ding, Bright - ly
im - tan - zen - den Wel - len - ge - trie - be, hell

smiles all in sun - shine, My heart laughs.
lä - chelt die Son - ne, mein Herz und die

light. _____ O would this were ev - er a - bid - -
 Flur. _____ O, wenn es doch im - mer so blie - -

ing, O would this were ev - er a - bid - - - - ing!
 be, O, wenn es doch im - mer so blie - - - - be!

2 Sparkles red in glass now our Geor-gi-an wine, The wine from my
 2 Roth fun - kelt im Glas der ka-che - ti-sche Wein, es füllt mir das
 3 Now sets the sun, swift-ly com-eth the night, My heart, like love's
 3 Die Son - ne geht un - ter, schon dun-kelt die Nacht, doch mein Herz gleicht dem



Love's hands soft glid - - ing. I ——— drink from her eyes ——— The
 Glas — mei - ne Lie - - be, und ich saug' mit dem Wein ———
 stars so con-fid - - ing, Still in deep-en - ing dark - - ness Eye ———
 Ster - ne der Lie - - be, flammt in tief - sten Dun - - kel' in ———



p



light ——— down — in mine. ——— } O would this were ev-er a -
 ih - re Bli - cke ein. ——— } O, wenn es doch im-mer so
 glis - - tens — more bright. ———
 hell - - - ster Pracht. ———



p



bid - ing, O would this were ev-er a - bid - - - ing!
 blie - be, O, wenn es doch im-mer so blie - - - be!



p *mf*



p 1. 2.

MY QUEEN

(WIE BIST DU MEINE KÖNIGIN)

(Composed in 1864)

Original Key

G. F. DAUMER (1800-1875)
Translated by Arthur Westbrook

JOHANNES BRAHMS, Op. 32, No. 9
(1833-1897)

Adagio

VOICE

PIANO

p molto espress. e dolce

col Ped.

Ah, sweet my love, my gra-cious queen! As now, I've e'er thy sub-ject
Wie bist du mei - ne Kö - ni - gin, durch sanf - te Gü - te won - ne -

espressivo

been. — Dost thou but smile, then all a - round sweet Spring is smil - ing.
voll: — Du läch - le mir, Lenz - düf - te weh'n durch mein Ge - mü - the

Thou my queen, thou my queen.
won - ne - voll, won - ne - voll!

p espress.

Fresh is the bloom the ro - ses
Frisch auf - ge - blüh - ter Ro - sen

espressivo

wear, Yet can it not with thine — com- pare. Fair - est of
Glanz, ver- gleich ich ihn den dei - ni - gen? Ach, ü - ber

flow'rs thou bring- est joy my soul en - tranc - ing. Thou my
al - les was da blüht, is dei - ne Blü - the won - ne -

queen, thou my queen.
voll, won - ne - voll.

p espress.

Tho' I might roam in des-erts drear, All would be changed should'st thou ap -
Durch to - dte Wü - sten wan-dle hin, und grü - ne Schat - ten brei - ten

p

pear, Fra-grance and sweet re-fresh-ing shade Thou — bring'st me
sich, ob fürch - ter - li che Schwü-le dort ohn' — En - de

sf

ev - er, Thou my queen, thou my
brü - te, won - ne - voll, won - ne -

dim. *dolce*

queen, my queen.
won - ne - voll.

p *espressivo*

In thy dear arms I would re - pose, E'en tho' for aye mine eyes might
Lass mich ver - geh'n in dei - nem Arm! Es ist in ihm ja selbst der

espressivo

close, Wert thou but near, e'en death's sharp pang would harm me nev - er.
Tod, — ob auch die herb - ste To - des - qual die Brust durch - wii - the,

Thou my queen, thou my queen, my queen.
won - ne - voll, won - ne - won - ne - voll!

Ad.

LOVE SONG

(MINNELIED)

(Composed in 1877)

(Original Key)

H. HÖLTY (1828-1887)

Translated by Arthur Westbrook

JOHANNES BRAHMS, Op. 71, No. 5

(1833-1897)

With much tenderness but not too slowly
(*Sehr innig doch nicht zu langsam*)

VOICE

PIANO

mf *p*

Sweet-er
Hol-der

sounds the song of birds When she roams the mead-ows, When she comes with step so
klingt der Vo-gel-sang. wenn die En-gel-rei-ne, die mein Jüng-ling's-herz be-

light, 'Mid the wood-land shad-ows.
zwang, wan-delt durch die Hai-ne.

Bright - er is the bloom - ing Spring, Green - er are its bow -
 Rö - ther blü - hen Thal und Au, grü - ner wird der Ra -

- ers, When, with ten - der fin - gers' touch She doth gath - er -
 - sen, wo die Fin - ger mei - ner Frau Mai - en - blu - men -

flow - ers: But for thee all joy were dead, All earth's
 la - sen. Oh - ne sie ist al - les todt, welk sind.

bright-ness fa - ded. E'en the glow of eve - ning sky Were for
 Blüt' und Kräu - ter; und kein Fröh - lings - a - bend - roth dünkt mir

me o'er-shad - ed. Dear - est sov - 'reign of my
 schön und hei - ter. Trau - te, min - nig - li - che

The first system of the musical score. The vocal line (treble clef) begins with a half note G4, followed by a quarter note A4, a quarter note B4, and a half note C5. The piano accompaniment (grand staff) features a series of chords in the right hand and a simple bass line in the left hand. The key signature has one sharp (F#).

heart, Leave, oh! leave me nev - er, Bloom sweet blos - soms of thy
 Frau, wol - lest nim - mer flie - hen, dass mein Herz, gleich die - ser

The second system of the musical score. The vocal line continues with a half note D5, a quarter note E5, a quarter note F#5, and a half note G5. The piano accompaniment continues with chords and a bass line. The key signature remains one sharp.

love, In my soul for ev - er, In my soul for ev -
 Au, mög' in Won - ne bli - hen, mög' in Won - ne bli -

The third system of the musical score. The vocal line begins with a half note G4, followed by a quarter note A4, a quarter note B4, and a half note C5. The piano accompaniment continues with chords and a bass line. The key signature remains one sharp.

er.
 hen.

dolce *dim.* *rit.* *p*

The fourth system of the musical score. The vocal line begins with a half note G4, followed by a quarter note A4, a quarter note B4, and a half note C5. The piano accompaniment continues with chords and a bass line. The key signature remains one sharp. The system concludes with a double bar line and a key signature change to one flat (F).

A THOUGHT LIKE MUSIC

(WIE MELODIEN ZIEHT ES MIR)

(Composed in 1889)

(Original Key, A)

KLAUS GROTH (1819 -)

Translated by Isabella G. Parker.

JOHANNES BRAHMS, Op. 105, No. 1

(1833-1897)

VOICE

Tenderly (Zart)

A thought, like mu - sic, — hold - ing My
 Wie Me - lo - di - en — zieht es mir

PIANO

p sempre dolce

heart in soft con - trol, Like flow'rs of spring un -
 lei se durch den Sinn, Wie Fröh - lings - blu - men

fold - ing, It thrill - eth through my soul,
 blüht es und schwebt wie Duft da - hin,

It thrill - eth through my soul.
und schwebt wie Duft da - hin.

But if a word be spo - ken, Its beau - ty to con -
Doch kommt das Wort und fasst es und führt es vor das

vey, The spell at once is bro - ken, 'Twill
Aug' Wie Ne bel - grau er blasst es und

van - ish quite a - way, 'Twill
schwin - det wie ein Hauch, und

van - ish quite a - way.
 schwin - det wie ein Hauch.

In mel - o - dy deep
 Und den - noch ruht im

hid - den, A fra - grance lies con - ceal'd, That
 Rei - me ver - bor - gen wohl ein Duft, Den

bring - eth tears un - bid - den; Un -
 mild aus stil - lem Kei - me ein

dim.

spo - - ken joy 'twill yield,
feuch - - tes Au - - ge ruft,

That bring - eth tears un - bid - den; Un -
Den mild aus stil - lem Kei - me ein

spo - ken, un - spo - ken — joy
feuch - tes, ein feuch - tes — Au - ge

yield.
ruft.

rit.

PRESS THY CHEEK AGAINST MINE OWN

(LEHN' DEINE WANG' AN MEINE WANG')

(Composed in 1856)

(Original Key)

HEINRICH HEINE (1799-1856)

Translated by Louis C. Elson

ADOLF JENSEN, Op. 1, No. 1

(1837-1889)

Slowly

PIANO

The piano introduction consists of four measures. The right hand features a melody of eighth and quarter notes, while the left hand provides a simple harmonic accompaniment of quarter notes. The key signature has two flats (B-flat major), and the time signature is 2/4.

p appassionato

Oh, press thy cheek a-against mine own; To -
 Lehn' dei - ne Wang' an mei - ne Wang! dann

The first system of the song features a vocal line and piano accompaniment. The vocal line is in a single staff with a treble clef, marked 'p appassionato'. The piano accompaniment is in two staves (treble and bass clefs). The lyrics are written below the vocal line.

geth - er our tears shall be flow - ing,
 flie - ssen die Thrä - nen zu - sam - men,

The second system of the song continues the vocal and piano accompaniment. The vocal line and piano accompaniment follow the same format as the first system, with the lyrics written below the vocal line.

And press thy heart close to my heart, To - geth - er the
und an mein Herz drück' fest dein Herz, dann schla - gen zu -

flames — shall be glow - ing; And when in the
sam - men die Flam - men. Und wenn in die

glow - ing flames at last, The streams of tears are
gro - sse Flam - me fließt der Strom von un - sern

pp

throng - ing, And, when my arm shall en - cir - cle thee
 Thrä - nen. und wenn mein Arm dich ge - wal - tig um -

pp

p

fast, Then I shall die of long - ing;
 schliesst, sterb' ich vor Li - bes - sch - nen.

p

pp (like a sweet memory)

Oh, press thy cheek a-against mine own!
 Lehn' dei - ne Wang' an mei - ne Wang!

pp

WHEN THROUGH THE PIAZZETTA

(WENN DURCH DIE PIAZZETTA)

(Composed in 1874)

THOMAS MOORE (1779-1852)
German translation by *F. v. Freiligrath*

(Original Key)

ADOLF JENSEN, Op. 50, No. 3
(1837-1889)

*Con velocità
sempre p e segretamente*

VOICE

When thro' the — pi - az - zet - ta night breathes — her cool
Wenn durch die — Pi - az - zet - ta die A - - bend - luft

una corda sin al fine

PIANO

p dolce

air, Then, dear - - est Ni - net - - ta, I'll come to thee
weht, dann weisst — du, Ni - net - - ta, wer war - tend hier

there. — — — — — *p*
steht. — — — — — Be - Du

cresc. mf p

neath thy mask shroud - ed I'll know thee a - far,
 weissst, wer trotz Schlei - er und Mas - ke dich kennt,

poco marcato

cre - scen - do

— As Love knows, tho' cloud - ed, His own — eve - ning
 — wie A - mor die Ve - nus am Nacht - fir - ma -

mf *p*

star, As Love knows, tho' cloud - ed, His own
 ment, wie A - mor die Ve - nus am Nacht -

mf *de - cre - scen - do* *p*

eve - ning star.
 fir - ma - ment.

leggerissimo

fp

p

In
Ein

pp

garb then re - sem - bling some gay - gon - do -
Schif - fer - kleid trag' - ich - zur sel - bi - gen

p

lier, I'll whis - per thee, trem - bling: Our
Zeit, und zit - ternd dir sag' - ich: das

bark, love, is near. ———
 Boot ist be - reit! ———

La * *La* * *La* * *La* * *La*

p *cre* - *scen* -
 Now, now, while there hov - er those
 O komm! jetzt, wo Lu - nen noch

p *cre* - *scen* -

* *La* * *La* * *La* * *La* *

do. *mf* *p*
 clouds o'er the moon, ——— 'Twill waft thee safe o -
 Wol - ken um - ziehn, ——— lass durch die La - gu -

do *mf* *p*

La * *La* * *La* * *La* *

p *mf*
 ver yon si - lent la - goon, 'Twill
 nen, mein Le - ben, uns fliehn; lass

p *tr* *mf*

La * *La* * *La* *

de - cre - scen - do *p sempre*

waft thee safe o - ver yon si - lent
durch die La - gu - nen, mein Le - ben,

de - cre - scen - do *p sempre*

la - goon.
uns flicht!

leggierissimo

fp

pp

ROW GENTLY HERE, MY GONDOLIER!

131

(LEIS' RUDERN HIER, MEIN GONDOLIER!)

(Composed in 1874)

(Original Key)

ADOLF JENSEN, Op. 50, No. 4

THOMAS MOORE (1779 - 1852)
German translation by Ferd. Fretligarth

(1837 - 1889)

Con tenerezza

VOICE

Row — gen — tly here, my — gon — do — lier! So
Leis' — ru — dern hier, mein — Gon — do — lier! Die

PIANO

p

sempre p e dolce

soft — ly wake the tide, That not an ear on earth may
Fluth vom Ru — der sprüh'n so lei — se lass, dass sie —

sempre p e dolce

hear But hers to whom we glide! —
uns nur ver — nimmt, zu der wir zieh'n! —

delicato

The musical score is written for voice and piano. The voice part is in a single line with lyrics in both English and German. The piano part consists of two staves (treble and bass clef) with a 3/4 time signature and a key signature of two sharps (D major). The score is divided into three systems. The first system is marked 'Con tenerezza' and 'p'. The second system is marked 'sempre p e dolce'. The third system is marked 'delicato'. The piano part features a recurring arpeggiated figure in the bass line, often marked with 'Pa' and asterisks. The voice part has various musical notations including slurs, ties, and dynamic markings like 'p'.

cresc. - - - mf

Had Heav'n but tongues to speak, as well As star - ry
 O könn - te, wie er schau - en kann, der Him - mel

cresc. - mf

*La ** *La ** *La ** *La ** *La ** *La ** *La **

dim. p

eyes to see, O think what tales 'twould have to
 re - den, traun, er sprä - che vie - les wohl von

dim. p

cresc. mf dim.

tell Of wan-d'ring youths like me!
 dem, was Nachts die Ster - ne schaun!

cresc. mf p cresc.

*La ** *La ** *La **

p

Now
 Nun

a tempo

mf string.e cresc. pp p

*La ** *La ** *La **

rest thee here, my gon - do - lier, Hush,
 ra - sten hier, mein Gon - do - lier! In's

La * *La* *

hush, for up I go, go, To
 Boot die Ru - der sacht! Auf

p dolce

La * *La* * *La* * *La* *

climb yon light bal - co - ny's height,
 zum Bal - ko - ne schwing' ich mich,

p dolce

La * *La* * *La* *

While thou keep'st watch be - low. Ah!
 doch du hältst un - ten Wacht. O

La * *La* * *La* *

cresc. - - - *mf* - - - *dim.*

did we take for heav'n a - bove But half such pains as we
 woll - ten halb so eif - rig nur dem Him - mel wir uns weihn,

cresc. - - - *mf* - - - *dim.*

La * *La* * *La* * *La* *

p

Take, day and night, for wo - - - man's
 als schö - - - ner Wei - - - ber Dien - - - ste,

p

cresc. *mf* *p*

love, what an - gels we should be!
 traun, wir könn - ten En - - - gel sein!

cresc. *mf* *cresc.*

La * *La* * *La* *

lentando

p *pp*

La * *La* * *La* *

WHY? (WARUM?)

(Composed in 1869)

(Original Key)

*HEINRICH HEINE (1799-1856)
Translated by Natalia Mueffarren

PIOTR ILYITCH TCHAIKOVSKY
Op. 6, No. 5
(1840-1893)

Moderato

VOICE

Why so pale are the ro - ses this year? V
Wä - rum sind denn die Ro - sen so blass, V

PIANO

p

Canst thou an - swer me this, oh, my dear? V Why so heav - y with V
sü - sses Lieb, kannst du sa - gen mir das? V Wä - rum sind denn den

tear - drops un-shed V Doth the vi - o - let droop her sweet head?
Veil - chen im Gras V wie von Thrä - nen die Äu - ge - lein nass?

* The retention of Heine's original text is not possible as the composer used a Russian translation in a different metre.

Why are ac - cents of sor - row and wrong Thrill-ing loud in the
 Wa - rum tönt mit so trau - ri - gen Klang aus den Lüf - ten der

mf *p*

lark's mat - in song? Why, oh, why are the green branch - es bent
 Ler - che Ge - sang? Wa - rum rauscht in den Bäu - men der Wind,

cresc.

By the wind with a sound of la - ment? Why so cold shines the
 als ob kla - gen - de Stim - men es sind? Wa - rum blickt denn die

sun in the sky, Bring - ing glad - ness nor glow from on
 Son ne so kalt und ver - dros - sen her - ab auf den

high? _____ V Why so grey is the earth, and for -
 Wald? _____ V Wa - rum ist denn die Er - - de so

lorn, _____ V Why so drear - y wher - ev - er I
 grau _____ V und so ö - de, wo - hin ich auch

turn? _____ V Why is my heart so
 schau? _____ V Und wa - rum ist mir

ff string.

f *2. string.*

dark - en'd by fears? _____ V Why must I too see
 selbst denn so weh? _____ V Wa - rum Al - les durch

rit. *fff* *Meno mosso*

all things thro' tears? Oh, my love, I am
 Thrä - nen ich seh? Sprich wa - rum, sü - sses

part-ed from thee, say why hast thou for - sa - - - kèn
 Lieb - chen, o sprich, wa - rum hast du ver - las - - - sen

a tempo *molto rit.* *a tempo*

me? mich?

pp

NONE BUT THE LONELY HEART

(NUR WER DIE SEHNSUCHT KENNT)

139

(Composed in 1869)

(Original Key, D \flat)

JOHANN WOLFGANG von GOETHE (1749-1832)

Translated by Arthur Westbrook

PETER ILYITCH TCHAIKOVSKY, Op. 6, No. 6

Andante non tanto

PIANO

p espressivo

p espressivo

None but the lone - - ly heart
Nur wer die Seh - - sucht kennt,

Can know my sad - - ness; A - lone, and
weiss, was ich lei - - del! Al - lein und

più f

part - ed far From joy and glad - ness.
ab - ge - trennt von al - ler Freu - de.

p

Heav'n's bound-less
Soh' ich an's
un poco marcato

arch I see Spread out a - bove me. Ah! what a
Fir - ma - ment nach je - ner Sei - te. Ach! der mich

cresc. *mf*

dis - tance drear To in who loves me!
liebt und kennt ist in der Wei - te.

dim. *pp*

f >

None but the lone - ly heart
Nur wer die Seh - sucht kennt,

cresc. *mf*

p > *cresc.*

Can know my sad - ness; A - lone, and
weiss, was ich lei - de! Al - lein und

p *cresc.*

part - ed far From joy - ed and glad - ness,
ab - ge - trennt von al - ler Freu - de,

f *cresc.*

A - lone, and part - ed far
Al - lein und ab - ge - trennt

cresc. e stringendo

ff *pp molto rit.*

From joy and glad - ness. My sens - es
 von al - ler Freu - del! Es schwin - delt

molto rit.

a tempo

fail, _____ A burn - ing fire de -
 mir, _____ es brennt mein Ein - ge -

espressivo

p a tempo

vours me. None but the lone - - ly heart Can
 wei de, Nur wer die Sehn - - sucht kennt, weiss,

know my sad - ness. .
 was ich lei - del!

pp

DISAPPOINTMENT

(DÉCEPTION)

(Composed in 1888)

PAUL COLLIN

Translated by Alexander Blaess

(Original Key, E minor)

PIOTR ILYITCH TCHAIKOVSKY, Op. 65, No 2

(1840-1893)

Moderato

PIANO

While the sun shines in wont - ed
Le so - leil ra - yon - nait en -

splen-dor, The deep woods I fain would be - hold, Where in bliss our
co - re J'ai vou - lu re - voir les grands bois, où nous pro - me -

love we first told 'Mid sweet pledg - es and dal - lying can - dor. Thought I with
nions au - tre - fois notre a - mour à sa belle au - ro - re. Je me di -

cheer; "My love I'll meet be - low the nod - ding beech - tree yon - der,
sais: "Sur le che - min, je la re - trou - ve - rai sans dou - te,

pp

A - gain rove through thick - ets dis - creet, Our hands en - twind' in
ma main se ten - dra vers sa main et nous nous re - met -

f *p*

si - lent won - der." Yet I seek thee, my love, in vain! I
trons en rou - te." Je re - gar - de par - tout, En vain! Jap -

p *pp* *cresc.* *poco* *a*

call thee! but si - lence mocks — my plead - ing. Dark - ness fall - ing o'er
pel - lel Et l'é - cho seul — m'é cou - tel O, le pau - vre so -

poco *f rit.*

sky and plain, Dead and scat - ter'd leaves are con - ced - ing,
 leil pâ - li! O, les pau - vres bois sans ru - ma - ge!

While my heart's to death slow - ly bleed - ing, That thy trea - son our
 O, mon pauvre a - mour, quel dom - ma - ge si vi - te per -

poor love has slain.
 du dans l'ou - bli!

AS MY DEAR OLD MOTHER

(ALS DIE ALTE MUTTER)

from the Gipsy Melodies

ADOLF HEYDUK (1835 -)
Translated by Isabella G. Parker

(Original Key)

ANTONIN DVORÁK, Op. 55, No. 4
(1841 - 1904)

Andante con moto

PIANO

mf *dim.*

p mezza voce

As my dear, old moth - er
 Als die al - te Mut - ter

pp *p*

Taught her chil - dren, sing - ing, Songs that from her
 mich noch lehr - te sin - gen, Thra - nen in - den

p *p sempre*

eye - lids Tears so oft were bring - ing:
 Wim - pern gar so oft ihr hin - gen.

f *dim.* *p*

So, when for my chil -
Jetzt, wo— ich die Klei -

dren nen Those old songs re - call - ing, Oft - en
nen sel - ber— üb' im San - ge, rie - sell's

flow the tear - drops, oft they flow On my
in den Bart oft, rie sell's oft von der
★ (mir vom Au - ge, rie sell's oft mir auf die

brown cheeks fall - ing.
brau - nen Wan - ge.
brau - ne Wan - ge.)

ELEGY

(ÉLÉGIE)

LOUIS GALLET (1835 -)
Translated by Isabella G. Parker

JULES MASSENET
1842 -)

Sadly and slowly (Triste et très lent) - very expressive and dejected (très expressif avec accablement)

VOICE

O, — gen - tle spring-times of yore,
O — doux prin - temps d'au - tre - fois.

PIANO

mf expressive and sustained (expressif et soutenu)

mf So fresh - ly green, *p* How ye for - ev - er are fled! *f* I see no
Ver - tes sai - sons, Vous a - vez fui pour tou - jours! Je ne vois

mf *p* *pp*

espress.

more heav - en's blue; *mf* I hear no more *p* songs of the birds full of
plus le ciel bleu; Je n'en - tends plus les chants joy - eux des oi -

mf *p*

cresc. e animato

joy! Bear - ing with thee all my heart, Thou, my be -
seaux! En em - por - tant mon bon - heur, Ô bien - ai -

cresc. *cresc.*

*poco a poco**En retenant beaucoup
dim. e rit.*

loved, thou art gone from me! Now all in vain doth the spring-time re
 mé, tu t'en es al - lé! Et c'est en vain que re - vient le prin-

f *dim. e rit.* *p*

a tempo

turn! Yes, gone for - ev - er with thee, Sun - light so gay,
 temps! Oui, sans re - tour, a - vec toi le gai so - leil,

f *mf* *a tempo* *mf*

*sorrowfully
(avec douleur)*

Bright days of glad - ness are fled. How in my heart all is gloom - y and
 Les jours ri - ants sont par - tis! Comme en mon coeur tout est sombre et gla-

p *ff* *ff*

*mf dim.**p**pp a tempo**Allargando**p*

cold! With - ered and dead ev - er - more!
 cé - Tout est flé - tri! Pour tou - jours!

mf dim. *p* *pp* *cresc.* *ff* *cresc.* *8*

FROM MONTE PINCIO

(VOM MONTE PINCIO)

NOCTURNE

(Composed in 1870)

(Original Key)

BJÖRNSTJERNE BJÖRNSSON (1832 -)

Translated by F. Corder

EDVARD GRIEG

(1843 - 1907)

Poco Andante

VOICE

p

Eve - ning how ten - der!
A - bend wie mil - de!

PIANO

p

mf

pp

Ad. *

cresc.

Sun - set how red! All with a ro - se - ate glow is en - light - ened,
Son - ne wie roth! Al - les er - füllt sich mit far - bi - gem Glan - ze.

cresc.

Ad. *

Ad. *

più cresc.

Bask - ing in sun - shine, the moun - tain is bright - ened,
schwel - gend im Lich - te ver - klärt sich das Gan - ze.

più cresc.

Ad. *

Ad. *

dim.

Rapt and se - rene as the face of the dead.
 klärt sich der Berg wie ein Ant - litz im Tod.

p

pp un poco mosso

Domes in the sweet-scent-ed dis - tance are gleam-ing, Mists blue and grey o'er the
 Kup - peln in duf - ti - ger Fer - ne er - glü - hen, bläu - schwar - ze Ne - bel die

pp un poco mosso

pp stretto e cresc. molto

mead - ows come stream - ing, Roll - ing a - down as ob -
 Fel - der um - zie - hen, wal - len ein - her wie Ver -

una corda
stretto e cresc. molto
pp

f rit.

li - vion has roll'd, Weav-ing a gar-ment a thousand years old.
 ges - sen-heit wallt, we - ben ein Kleid, das Jahr - tau - sen - de alt.

ff

tre corde

f rit.

Vivo

p

Gleam-eth all red and warm, Eve-ning falls, peo - ple swarm; Moun-tain horns
 Al - les glüht roth und warm, A - bend-schein, Vol - kes-schwarm; Al - les glüht:

p leggiero

La. *

poco rall.

sound a - bove, Flow - er - scent, looks of love.
 Horn - mu - sik, Blu - men - duft, hei - sser Blick.

poco rall.

La. *

Sempre vivo

f

All heart could wish gleams and sounds sweet - ly near us, Yearn - ing for
 Al - les be - gehrt, rings um - strahlt und um - tö - net, sehn - lich nach

un poco rit.

f

La. *

Presto

beau - ty to cheer — us.
 dem, was ver - söh - net.

p leggiero

La. *

Pa * Pa * Pa * Pa * Pa *

p >

Gleam - eth all red and warm. Eve - ning falls,
 Al - les glüht roth und warm. A - bend-schein,

p

Pa *

pp

peo - ple swarm; Moun-tain horns sound a-bove,
 Vol-kes-schwarm: Al - les glüht. Horn-mu - sik,

pp

morendo

*

morendo

Flow - er-scent, looks of love.
 Blu - men-duft, hei - sser Blick.

ppp

Pa *

Andante

p

Deep-ens the still-ness, dark-ens the day,
 Stil - ler nun wird es, es dun-kelt das Blau,

*p**mf**pp*

La *

*cresc.**più cresc.*

And, from the ghosts of the past thus be-hold-ing, Heav-en is sure - ly the
 und aus der däm-mern-den Vor - zeit Ge - stal - ten sieht sich der Him - mel die

*cresc.**più cresc.*

La

*

dim.

fu - ture un-fold-ing, Shim-mer-ing vague-ly in gath-er-ing gray.
 Zu-kunft ent-fal - ten. un - si - cher schimmernd in brü-ten-dem Grau.

*dim.**p*

La

*

La

*

La

*

La

La

*

La

*

pp poco mosso *cresc. molto*

But, like a bea - con, will Rome one day wa - ken, Bright - en the dark - ness of
 Doch, ei - ne Leuch - te, wird Ro - ma er - star - ken, hel - len die Nacht von I -

pp poco mosso *cresc. molto*

La * *La* * *La* *

pp stretto e molto cresc.

It - a - ly for - sa - ken; Toc - sins will ech - o and
 ta - li - ens Mar - ken; Glo - cken - ge - läu - te, Ka -

stretto e molto cresc.
pp

La * *La* * *La* *

f rit. *ff*

can - non will roar! Fierce - ly will blaze out the spir - it of yore.
 no - nen ge - dröhn! Flam - mend wird wie - der die Vor - zeit er - steh'n.

f rit.

La * *La* * *La* * *La* * *La* * *La* *

Vivo

p *>*

Wed-ding strain, sound a-main! Flute so gay, zith - er play! Out of time's
 Tö - ne denn Hoch-zeit-sang, Zi - ther-spiel, Flö - ten-klang! Gib von der

p

La *

poco rall.

scroll im-part Hope to the trust-ing heart!
 Zei - ten Bund Gläu - bi - gen Her - zens-kund!

poco rall. *pp*

La *

f *un poco ritard.*

It - a - ly, look to the blest goal un - sha - ken; Ten - der - er
 Seh-n sucht I - ta - li - as träu - met vom Zie - le, wach wer - den

f *un poco ritard.*

La *

Presto

feel - ings will wa - ken.
 sanft - re Ge - fühl - le.

p leggiero

La *

p Wed - ding strain, sound a - main! Flute so gay, zith - er play!
 Tö - ne denn Hoch - zeit - sang; Zi - ther - spiel, Flö - ten - klang!

mp Wed - ding strain, sound a - main! *ppp* *morendo* Flute so gay,
 Tö - ne denn Hoch - zeit - sang. Zi - ther - spiel,

zith - er play!
 Flö - ten - klang!

La al Fine

THE FIRST PRIMROSE

(MIT EINER PRIMULA VERIS)

(Composed in 1876)

J. PAULSEN (1851 -)

Translated by F. Corder

Original Key)

EDVARD GRIEG

(1843-1907)

Allegretto dolcissimo

VOICE

PIANO

O take, thou love - ly child of Spring, This Spring's first ten - der
 Mag dir, du zar - tes Früh - lings-kind, dies er - ste Blüm - chen

flow - er. De - spise it not that la - ter on Fair
 from - men. Em - pfang' es gern, ver - schmäh' es nicht, weil

ros - es June will show - er. The sum - mer has its
 spä - ter Ro - sen kom - men. Wohl köst - lich ist die

gold - en charm, In au - tumn hearts are gay, But
 Som - mer - zeit, der Herbst er - quickt das Herz, der

poco rit.

Spring is love - li - er - than all, The time of love and
 Lenz doch ist der Wö - nig - ste mit Lie - bes - lust und

poco rit.

pp a tempo

play. — For thee and me, O dear - est maid, The
 Scherz. — Für uns, o hol - de Maid, er - glüht des

pp a tempo

mf

light - of Spring is glow - ing; Then take the flow'r and
 Früh - lings Mor - gen - son - ne; so nimm die Blum' und

mf

dim. e poco rit. *p*

rap - ture yield, Thy heart on me be - stow - ing.
 gieb - da - für dein Herz mit sei - ner Won - ne!

dim. e poco rit. *p*

A S W A N

(EIN SCHWAN)

(Composed in 1876)

(Original Key)

HENRIK IBSEN (1828-1906)

Translated by Frederic Field Bullard

EDVARD GRIEG

(1843-1907)

Andante ben tenuto

VOICE

p

My swan, my treas - ure, With
 Mein Schwan, mein stil - ler, mit

PIANO

p

La

più p

snow-y-white feath - er, Of his songs sang me nev - er A sin - gle
 wei - ssem Ge - fie - der, dei - ne won - ni - gen Lie - der ver - rieth kein

pp molto legato

meas - ure. Shy - ly fear - ing the
 Tril - ler. Angst - lich sor - gend des

dolce poco animato

pp

La

elves in the bush - es, Gli - ded he, list - 'ning
 El - fen im Grün - de, glittst du hor - chend all -

cresc.

cresc.

La

f agitato

there 'mid the rush - es. And yet, when death came And
 zeit in die Run - de. Und doch be - zwangst du zu -

più f *ff* *rit.*

part-ing a-larmed me, With sweet song he charmed me, And song— with death came!
 letzt mich beim Schei-den mit trü - gen - den Ei - den, ja da, — da sangst du!

tranquillo *pp*

And, with its ring - ing, His spir - it passed on, then. He died— While
 Du schlo-ssest sin - gend die ir - di - sche Bahn doch, du starbst ver -

pp *Lento*

sing-ing. Was he on - ly a swan, then? a swan, then?
 klin-gend;— du warst— ein Schwan doch! ein Schwan doch!

AT THE BROOKSIDE

(AN EINEM BACHE)

(Composed in 1880)

(Original Key)

A.O. VINJE (1818-1870)

Translated by Frederic Field Bullard

EDVARD GRIEG

(1843-1907)

Poco Andante

VOICE

p

Fair trees, that hang your heads and bow To
Du Wald, der sich her - ü - ber biegt und

PIANO

p

con Pedale

kiss the brook, so dark and still, _____ Which un - der-mines your
küsst den schwar-zen Bach so still, _____ der nagt an dei - nem

roots be - low, And to your down-fall bends its will, _____
Mark ver-gnügt und tief hin - un - ter zieh'n dich will; _____

poco

dolce

più mosso

Like you full ma - nya one I've known, —
 gleich dir hab' Man - chen ich ge - kannt —

When Life was Spring, and hope was fair, —
 Im Lenz des Le - bens, frisch und roth, —

molto *f*

Whose kiss - - es warm - ly met mine own, To
 der Küs - - se drückt' auf je - ne Hand, die

poco rit. *molto* *f* *pp* *molto*

bring — but grief and dark de-spair, Grief —
 Weh' — ihm bracht' und bitt'- ren Tod, Weh' —

pp poco rit. *f* *pp* *molto*

f più rit. *Tempo I*

— and dark de - spair. —
 — und bitt' - ren Tod! —

f *più rit.* *p* *cantabile* *tranquillo*

tranquillo *p* *pp* *ff* *p*

Fair trees! — Fair trees! — Fair trees! Fair trees! —
 Du Wald! — Du Wald! — Du Wald! du Wald! —

dim. *ppp* *fff* *pp* *ppp*

THE OLD MOTHER

(DIE ALTE MUTTER)

(Composed in 1880)

A. O. VINJE (1818-1870)

Translated by F. Corder

(Original Key)

EDVARD GRIEG

(1843-1907)

Allegretto espressivo

VOICE *p*

My dear old mo - ther, poor thou art, And toil - est day and
 Du al - te Mut - ter bist so arm, und schaffst im Schweiss wie

PIANO *p*

mf

night, — But ev - er warm re - mains thy heart, 'Twas
 Blut, — doch im - mer noch ist's Herz dir warm, und

mf

cresc.

thou my cour - age didst im - part, My arm of stur - dy might. —
 du gabst mir den star - ken Arm und die - sen wil - den Muth. —

cresc. *ff*

p

Thou'st wip'd a - way each
Du wisch - test ab die

mf

child - ish tear When I was sore dis - trest, And
Thrä - ne mein, wars mir im Her - zen bang, Und

cresc.

kiss'd thy lit - tle lad - die dear, And taught him songs that
küß - test mich, den Kna - ben dein, und hauch - test in - die

mf *cresc.*

f

ban - ish fear From ev - 'ry man - ly breast.
Brust hin - ein den sie - ges - fro - hen Sang.

ff

p

And more than all, thou'st giv - en me A
Du gabst mir, was be - se - ligt mich, das

p

mf

true and ten - der heart; So, dear old moth - er
wei - che - Herz da - zu; drum, Al - te, will ich

mf

cresc.

I'll love thee Where - e'er my foot may wan - der free, Till
lie - ben dich, wo - hin mein Fuss auch rich - tet sich, wohl

cresc.

f

death our lives shall part.
son - der Rast und Ruh'.

ff

rit.

p

THE MOUNTAIN MAID

(DAS KIND DER BERGE)

Composed in 1898

(Original Key, E minor)

ARNE GARBORG (1851 -)

German text by Eugen von Emsberg

EDVARD GRIEG, Op. 67, No. 2

1843-1907

Allegretto tranquillo

VOICE

She is slen - der and young and fair, With fea - tures so clear and
 Sie ist schmä - ch - tig und zart und bleich, mit Zü - gen so rein und

PIANO

The first system of the musical score. The voice part begins with a rest followed by a melody starting on a half note. The piano accompaniment starts with a piano (p) dynamic, featuring chords in the right hand and a moving bass line in the left hand. The key signature has three flats (B-flat, E-flat, A-flat) and the time signature is common time (C).

*poco rit.**a tempo*

white; The drooping lids of her eyes But veil their dream-y light. As
 klar, die tie - fen Au - gen um - säumt der Li - der träumend's Paar. Es

*a tempo**poco rit.*

Ped.

ten.

one who wan - ders in sleep She si - lent - ly goes her way, Her
 ist, als wan - del - te sacht sie im Schla - fe wohl im - mer - zu: Ge -

ten.

voice,— her mien.— her look— A strange, gloom - y calm be -
 bär - de, Mie - ne und Wort— ver - rät die - se düst - re

tray, gloom - y calm be - tray.— 'Neath her
 Ruh; die - se düst - re Ruh? Un - term

fore - head, beau - teous, but low, Shine her eyes with a veil - ed
 dunk - eln lo - cki - gen Haar strahlt das Au - ge mit mat - tem

gleam; Some— world that we know not she sees;— She
 Schein; sie— starrt wie im Traum vor sich hin— in

poco rit. *a tempo*

ga - zes as lost in a dream. — But her
an - dre Wel - ten hin - ein. — Nur der

poco rit. *a tempo*

ten.

breath - ing comes hard — and slow, She is trem - bling with pas - sion
Bu - sen geht bang — und schwer, und es bebt um den bleich - en

ten.

strong, She is maid - en - ly, ten - der and sweet, Yea, in
Mund. Sie ist jung - frau - lich zart — und fein, ja für -

ten.

truth, she is fair and young, she is fair and young. —
wahr, sie ist schön und jung, sie ist schön und jung. —

FLORIAN'S SONG

(CHANSON DE FLORIAN)

171

J. P. CLARIS de FLORIAN (1755 - 1794)

(Original Key)

BENJAMIN GODARD

Translated by Laura M. Underwood

(1849-1895)

Allegretto (♩.ss) *p*

VOICE

PIANO

If there's a shep-herd in your par - ish,
Ah! s'il est dans vo - tre vil - la - ge

A shep-herd charm-ing, good and kind,
Un ber - ger sen - sible et char - mant, To whom at
Qu'on ché - risse

cresc. *f*
once your heart's in - clined, Whom, lon - ger known, still more you cher - ish,
au pre - mier mo - ment, Qu'on aime en - sui - te da - van - ta - ge,

ff *sostenuto* *dim.*
He is my love, Give him to me! I have his heart;— my
C'est mon a - mi, ren - dez - le moi! J'ai son a - mour,— il

ff *dim.*

dim. > p *p*

faith has he. Are echo-ing woods his songs re - peat -
a ma foi. Si par sa voix tendre et plain - ti -

ing, Charmed by his voice, that sweet com - plains, And do his
ve Il char-me l'é - cho de vos bois, Si les ac -

cresc. *f* *ff*

pipe's mel - o - dious strains The hearts of maid - ens set a - beat - ing, Then 'tis my
cents de son haut - bois Ren - dent la ber - gè - re pen - si - ve, C'est en - cor

sostenuto *dim.* *dim. > p*

love! Give him to me! I have his heart, my faith has he.
lui, ren - dez - le moi! J'ai son a - mour, il a ma foi.

p

If, when there comes some need-y broth - er, Who begs a
 Si pas - sant près de sa chau - mie - re Le pauvre, en

lamb from out the herd, The shep-herd gives with kind - ly
 vo - yant son trou - peau, O - se de - man - der un a -

cresc. *f* *ff*

word The lit - tle lamb and e'en its moth - er, Oh! then 'tis he!
 gneau Et qu'il ob - tienne en - cor la mè - re, Oh! c'est bien lui,

cresc. *f* *ff*

sosten. *dim.* *dim.* *p*

Give him to me! I have his heart, — my faith has he.
 ren - dez - le moi! J'ai son a - mour, — il a ma foi.

dim. *p*

To *Ladislaus Mickiewicz*
AH! THE TORMENT!
 (ACH! DIE QUALEN)

(Original Key)

ADAM MICKIEWICZ (1798 1855)
 Translated by *Isabella G. Parker*

IGNACE JAN PADEREWSKI, Op.18,Nº5
 (1859 —)

Allegretto

VOICE

PIANO

leggiere

mp

mp

How my heart with bit-ter pangs is
 Ach! die Qua-len die mein Herz durch-

ra-ging!— Death were on-ly joy, such pain as-sua-ging.—
 wüh-len!— Nur der Todt kann sie für e-wig stil-len:—

La. * *La.* * *La.* *

La. * *La.* * *La.* *

La. * *La.* * *La.* *

(Used by permission of Charles F. Tretbar)

Music copyright MDCCCXCIII by C.F.Tretbar
 Translation copyright MCMII by Oliver Ditson Company

cresc.

Dare I ven-ture thee to love so mad - ly? I would give my
 Dürft' ich dich zu lie - ben mich er - küh - nen Die - ses Wag - niss

cresc.

Ad. * *Ad.* *

rit. pp

life for thee most glad - ly, — I would give my life for thee most
 soll mein Herz - blut süh - nen, — Die - ses Wag - niss soll mein Herz - blut

rit. pp

Ad. * *Ad.* *

glad - ly. —
 süh - nen. —

a tempo leggiero

mp

Ad. *

rall.

Ad. *

Meno mosso
sempre espressivo

Why to thee a - lone must my love be plight -
Wa - rum muss - te ich gra - de dich er - wäh -

- ed? Why would I to thee
- len? Wa - rum woll - te ich

cresc.

on - ly be u - nit - ed?
dir nur mich ver - mäh - len?

rit.

cresc. *rit.*

Tempo I

p

Though un-num-bered maid-ens may sur-round me, — Thou a-lone with —
 So viel Mäd-chen blüh'n in un-ser'm Lan-de — Und grad' die-se

p leggiero

rit. pp

hope-less love hast bound me, — Thou a-lone with hope-less love hast
 fes-seln an-d're Ban-de, — Und grad' die-se fes-seln an-d're

rit.

Ped. *

bound me. —
 Ban-de. —

a tempo

leggiero

p

Ped. * *Ped.* *

THE SEA

(Composed in 1892)

(Original Key, D)

WILLIAM DEAN HOWELLS (1837-)

EDWARD A. MacDOWELL, Op. 47, No 7

(1861-1908)

Broadly, with rhythmic swing

VOICE *mf*

One sails a - way to sea, to sea, One stands on the shore and

PIANO *mf*

cries; The ship goes down the world, and the light On the sul - len

ff *ppp* *p* *ppp*

wa - ter dies. The whis - per - ing shell is mute, And

sf *f* *ff* *p*

af - ter is e - vil cheer; She shall stand on the shore and cry in vain,

ff *p*

pp *retard* - - - - *pp* *a tempo*

in vain, Man - y and man - y a year. But the state - ly wide-wing'd

ship lies wreck'd, Lies wreck'd on the un-known deep; Far un - der, dead in his

increase *pp* *broaden* -

cor - al bed, The lov - er lies a - sleep, — Far un - der, dead in his

- - - - *retard* *ppp*

cor - al bed, The lov - er lies a - sleep, — a - sleep. —

SERENADE

(STÄNDCHEN)

(1886)

(Original Key)

ADOLF FRIEDRICH von SCHACK (1815-1894)

Translated by Isabella G. Parker

RICHARD STRAUSS, Op 17, No 2

(1864 -)

Vivace e dolce

VOICE

pp

A - wake! a -
Mach' auf, mach'

PIANO

*pp una corda**segue*C_{ad.}

wake! and soft - ly a - rise. None
auf, doch lei - se, mein Kind, um

oth - er from slum - ber a-wa-ken! The
Kei-nen vom Schlum mer zu we-cken, kaum

* C_{ad.}

brook mur - murs low; the light zeph - yr flies,
 mur - melt der Bach, kaum zit - tert im Wind.

— No leaf by its soft — breath is sha - ken.
 — ein Blatt an den Bü - - schen und He - cken.

So si - - lent - ly, dear - est,
 D'rum lei - - se, mein Mäd - chen,

that none a - wake, Lift gently the latch lest fair slumbers you break.
 dass nichts sich regt, nur lei - se die Hand auf die Klin - ke ge - legt.

pp

With foot - steps like
Mit Trit - ten, wie

pp

segue

La.

foot - steps of fair - ies so soft,
Trit - te der El - fen so sacht,

O - ver the flow'rs trip-ping light-ly,
um ü - ber die Blu - men zu hü - pfen,

La.

Haste thou to me, where the
Flieg' leicht hin - aus in die

La.

moon a - loft The gar - den il - lu -
Mond - schein - nacht, zu mir in den Gar -

La *

- mines so bright-ly. Here
- ten zu schlü-ffen. Rings

La *

flow'rs by the brook-side, in slum-ber so deep Breath out their per-fume;—
schlum - mern die Blü - then am rie-seln - den Bach und duf - ten im Schlaf,—

La *

un poco rit.
— Love a-lone can-not sleep!
— mir die Lie - be ist wach!

a tempo
pp

un poco rit. *La* *

Here rest thee! The
Sitz' nie - - - der, hier

ppp *segue*

La

glim - mer of mys - - - ter - y Deep
däm - mert's ge - heim - - - niss - voll un -

lin - den shade en - fold - ing.
- ter den Lin - - - den - bäu - men,

** La* ** La* ** La* ***

The night in - gale shall our
die Nach - ti - gall uns zu

La ** La* ***

rap - - ture see. Indreams our love
Häup - - ten soll von un s'ren Küß -

be - hold - ing.
- sen träu - men,

espress.

And the sweet rose,
und die Ro - se,

tutte le corde
espress.

cresc.
when it a - wakes with de - light, Shall
wenn sie am Mor - gen er - wacht, hoch

gleam, glüh'n. shall hoch gleam glüh'n

mf

* La

in the bliss - ful
von den Won - ne -

p

* La * La *

beau - ty of night!
schau - ern der Nacht!

espress.

* La * La *

pp *una corda*

* La * La *

